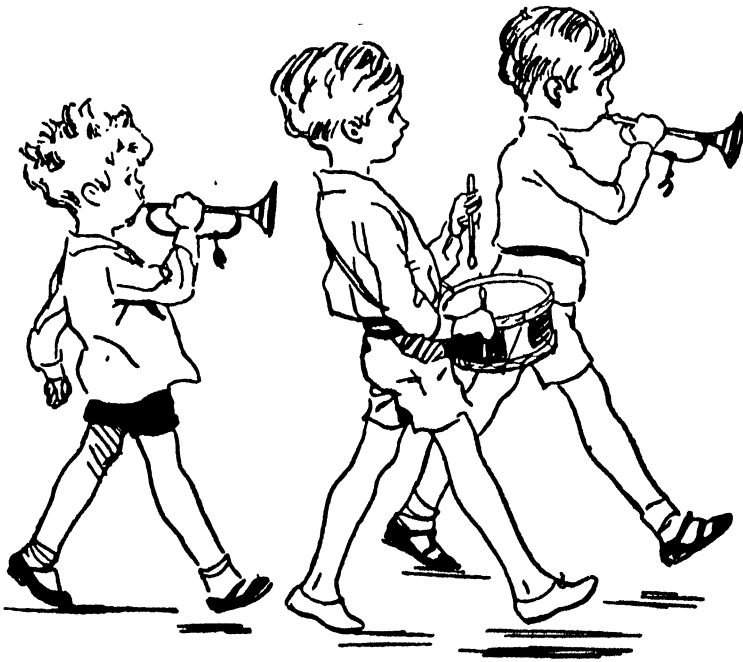
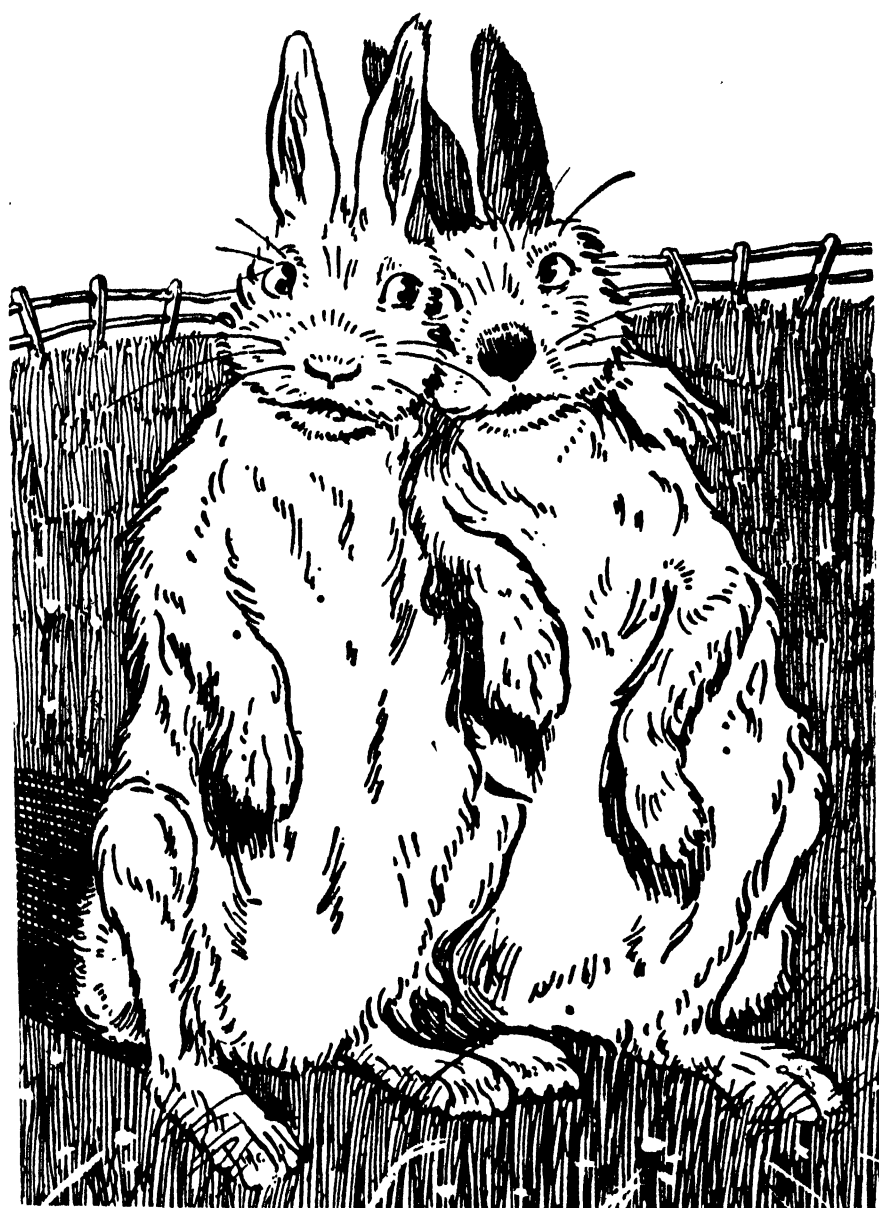


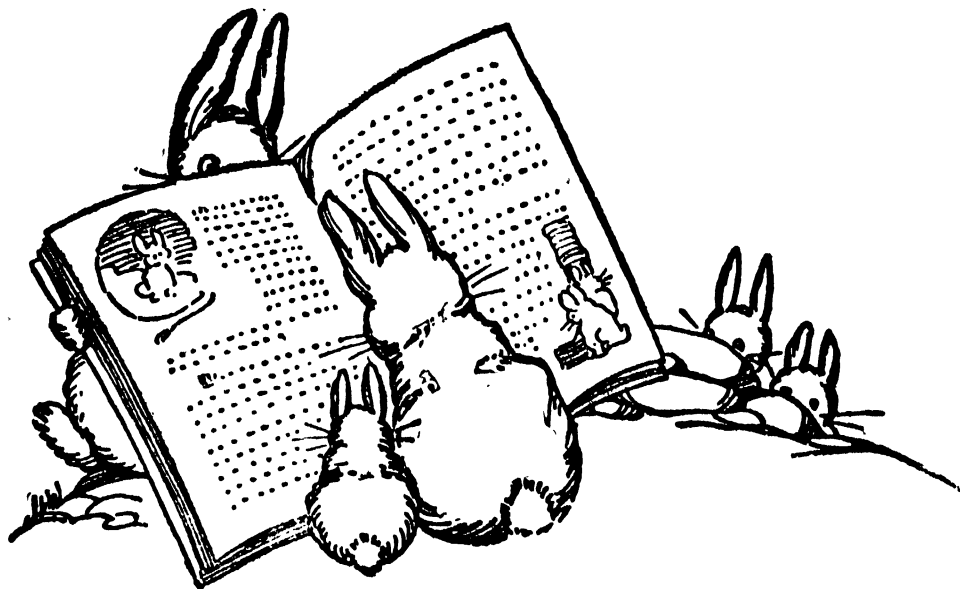
BO-PEEP'S BIG NURSERY STORY BOOK



WITH 2 COLOUR PLATES AND OVER 150 ILLUSTRATIONS

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED
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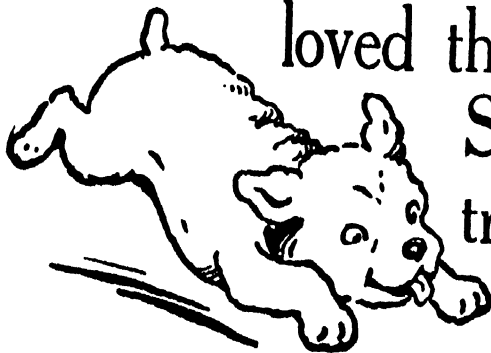




THIS story-book of Animals
Has been a joy to fill,
With stories and with pictures, too—
So whether “ Jack ” or “ Jill ”
I hope you will enjoy it, too,
I do so hope you will.

RAGS AND TATTERS.

RAGS and Tatters were the most mischievous puppies that I have ever known. They chewed up the mats and slippers, they chased the hens, worried the chickens, teased the kittens, and drove the canary nearly into fits. Also, I am sorry to say, they sometimes crept into the pantry and stole things when Cook wasn't looking.



But their little mistress, Prue, loved them all the same. She loved them tre-mend-ous-ly, so

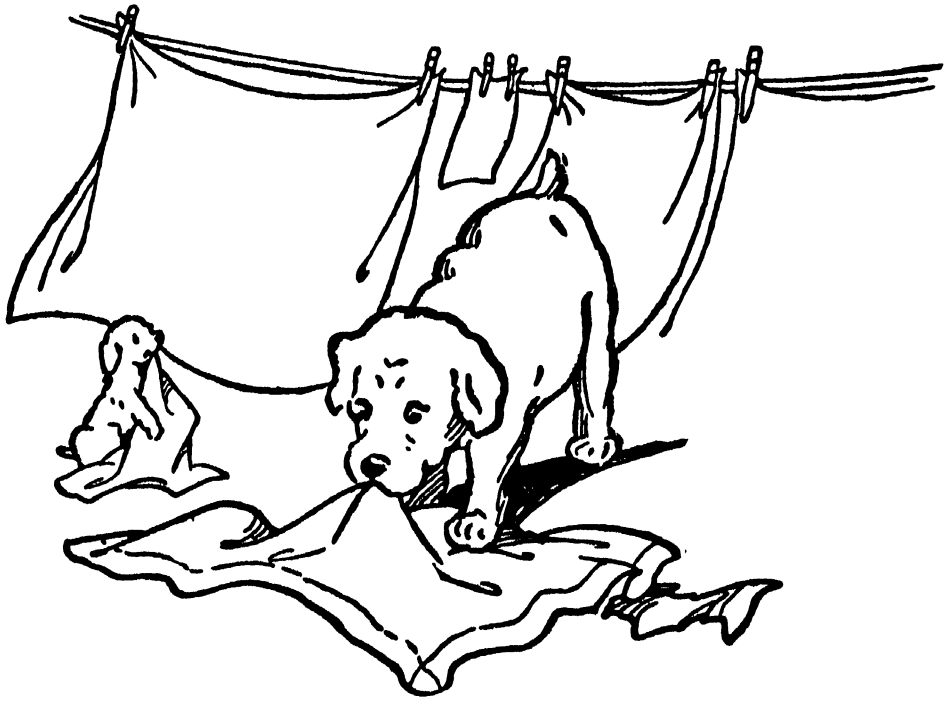




you can imagine how awfully sad she felt when one morning her mother said : “ If those puppies get into mischief again they’ll have to go.”

“ Oh, Mummy,” said Prue. “ What do you mean ? ”

“ I shall get rid of them,” said Mummy firmly. “ Only last night Tatters chewed Mary’s best hat almost to a pulp, and



Rags was found asleep in Cook's bed—with"—she shivered—"a dead mouse between his paws. Both the maids will be giving notice next, and I can't have that."

"But they didn't mean to be naughty, Mummy dear," said Prue.

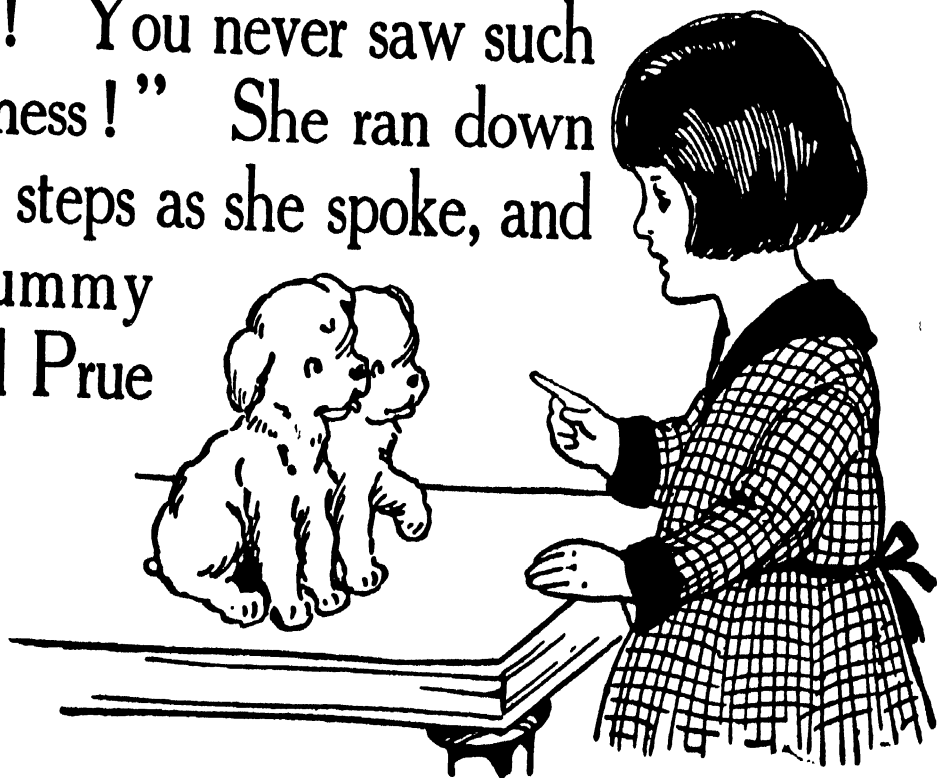
"I don't suppose they did. But the next time they get into mischief, Prue, I shall be forced to send them away."

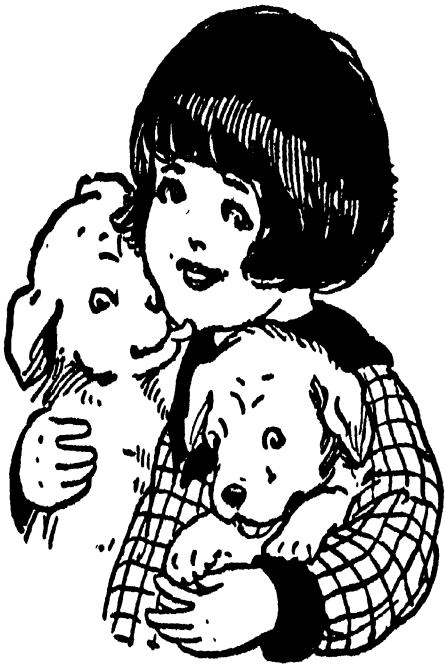
Now put on your hat, dearie. I am going down to the town, and you can come with me."

.

It was an hour later when Prue and her mother returned. They had barely reached the door when Mary met them.

"Oh!" she gasped, "those puppies 'm! You never saw such a mess!" She ran down the steps as she spoke, and Mummy and Prue





followed her round the side of the house.

There on the lawn lay Rags and Tatters, tired out. And all around them, on the grass, were spread torn and crumpled bits of linen that had once been snow-white.

“Oh-h!” cried Mummy. “My tablecloth. One of my best tablecloths!”

“Yes’m,” said Mary. “They pulled it down off the line.”

“So I see,” said Mummy, dryly.

Prue burst into tears. Then she picked up both the puppies. “They—

they were only living up to their names, Mummy dear," she pleaded. "Rags and Tatters, you know!"

Mummy found herself smiling, in spite of herself.

"I—I'll talk to them, and talk to them," went on Prue, excitedly. "I will, Mummy—and I'm sure they'll understand. So do give them one more chance. Just one!"

Mummy hesitated. "Very well," she said. "But remember—only one!"

.

But whether it was Prue's lecture, or whether it was the extra hard spanking which they had from Daddy, later on, I do not know. I only know that from that day onwards Rags and Tatters turned over a new leaf!

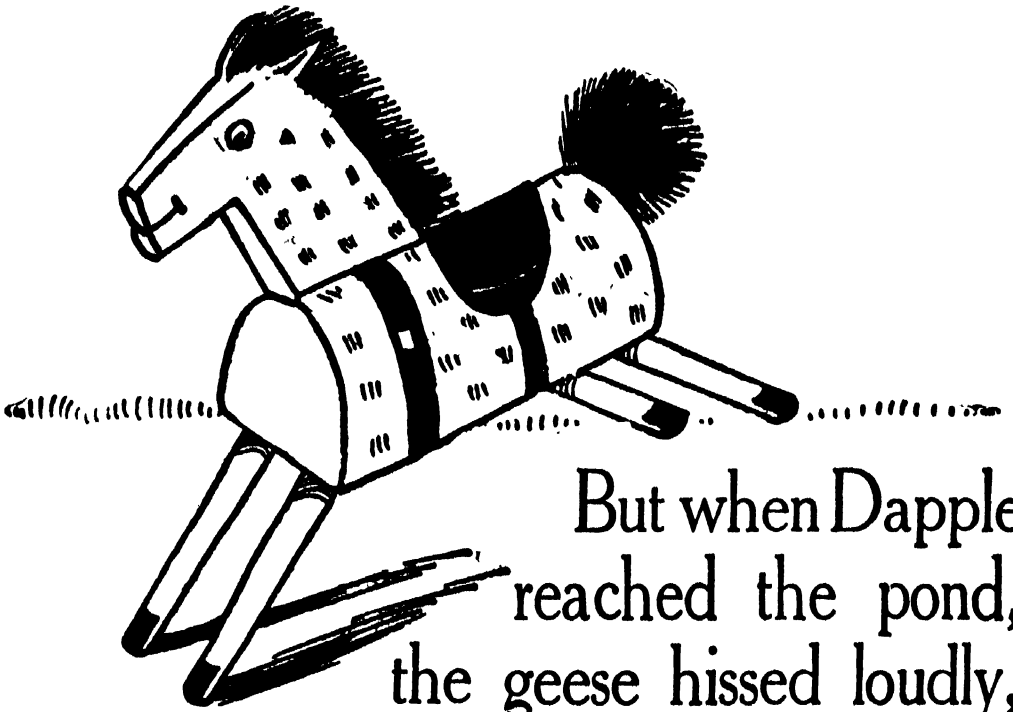
DAPPLE'S ADVENTURE.

DAPPLE, the wooden horse, had made up his mind to have an adventure. It was a jolly day—warm and sunny—and his little master, Jerry, had gone for a pic-nic. All was quiet in the nursery, so now was Dapple's chance.

“I'll cross the common first,” he said to himself, “and have a word with the geese by the pond.

They'll be very pleased to see me, I expect.”





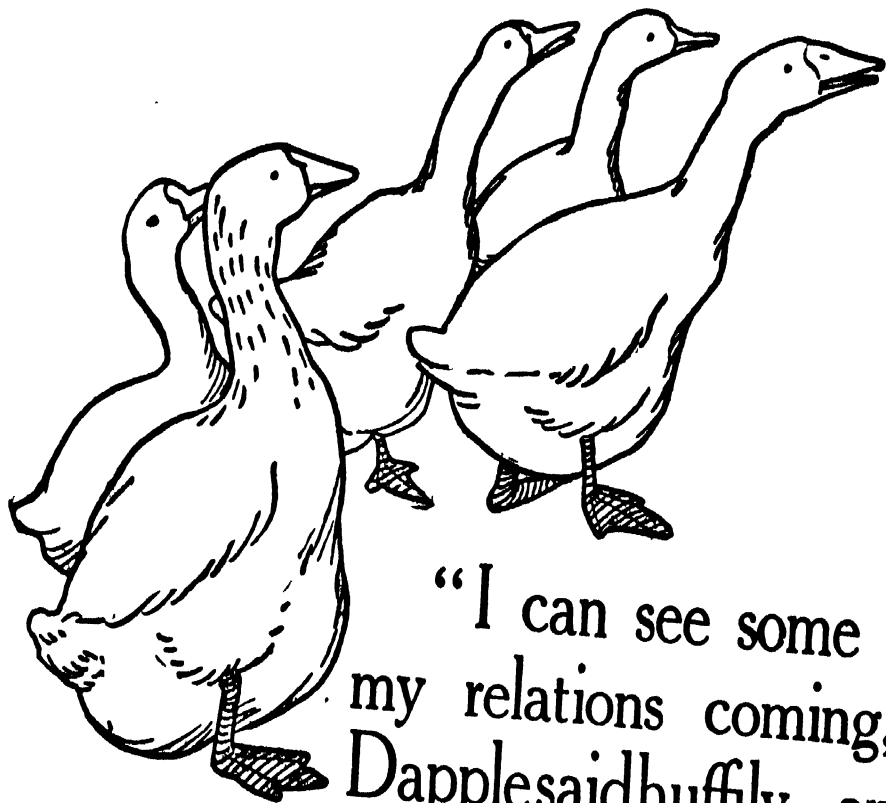
But when Dapple reached the pond, the geese hissed loudly, and the old gander pecked his leg.

“What are you doing here?” he asked.

“I’ve come to visit you,” said Dapple. “It’s a nice afternoon, and I thought I’d have a breath of fresh air.”

All the geese cackled with laughter.

“Ho-ho!” they cried. “Fancy a silly wooden toy like you coming to call on us! Go home to your nursery!”



“I can see some of my relations coming,” Dapple said huffily—and he went to meet Bess, the grey mare, and Snowball, her foal.

“Oh, mother, do look!” said Snowball, as Dapple drew near. “What a queer little creature! What is he?”

The grey mare stopped and stared at the wooden horse, who was beginning to wish he had never come out.

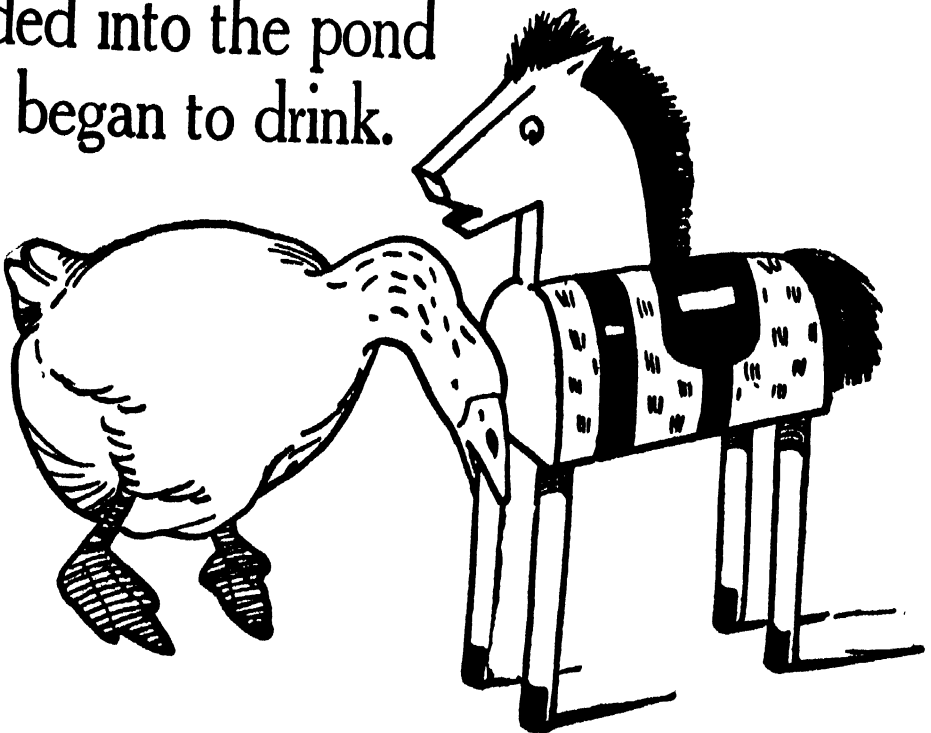
“Who are you?” she asked.

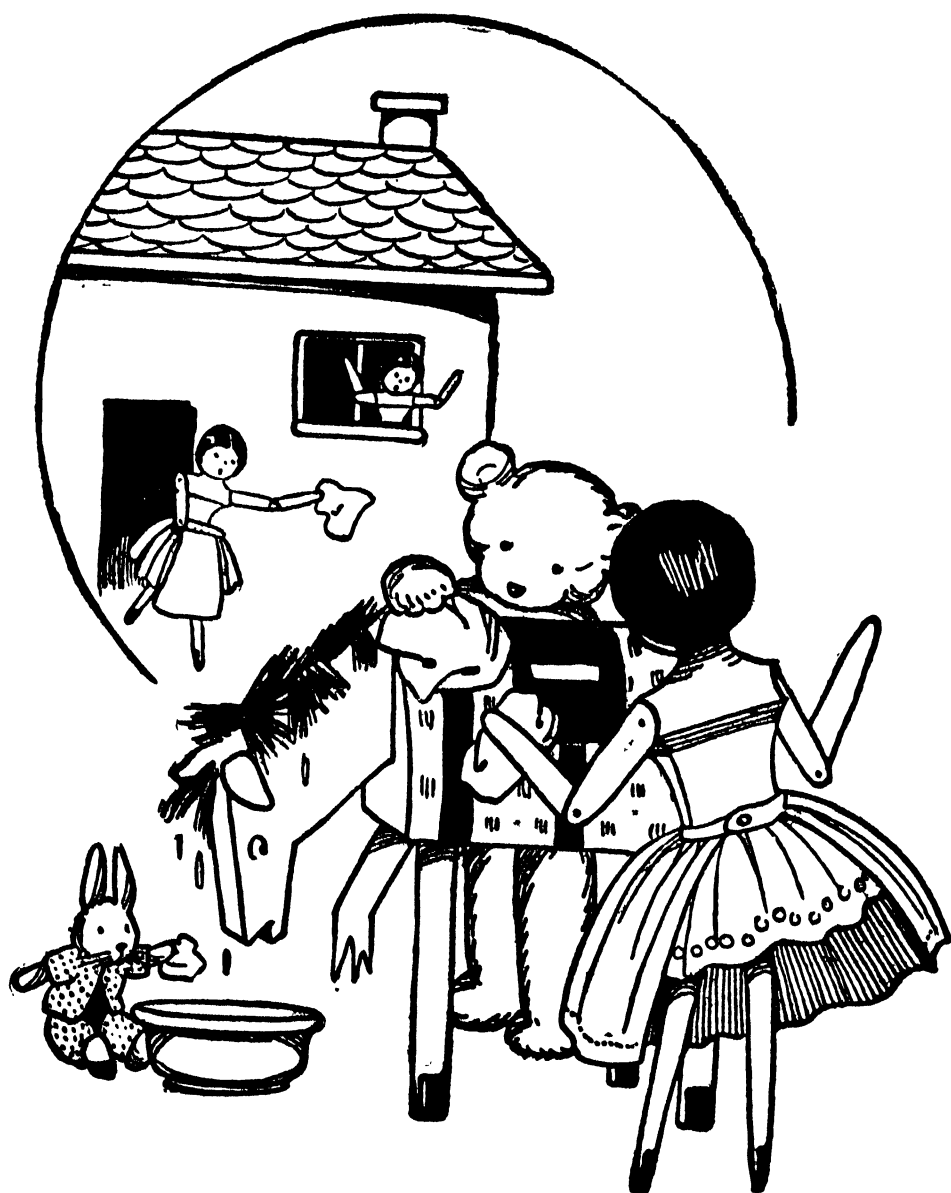
Dapple’s wooden legs suddenly felt very shaky. “I—I’m—”

“He’s a relation of yours, he says,” cackled the geese, enjoying the joke.

But Bess did not look as if she thought it a joke at all.

“Impudence!” she said. And she waded into the pond and began to drink.





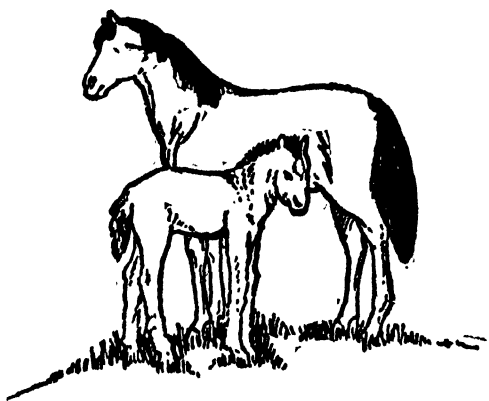
But Snowball turned her back on the wooden horse and gave a playful kick—and up, up, up went Dapple, into the air, and then—splash—he had fallen into the water.

The geese cackled more than ever now, and Dapple dragged himself out of the pond feeling very sorry for himself indeed. One of his wooden legs had been broken in the fall and his tail had come unstuck and was now lying at the bottom of the pond.

Ten minutes later a very woe-be-gone and draggled Dapple crept into the nursery once more.

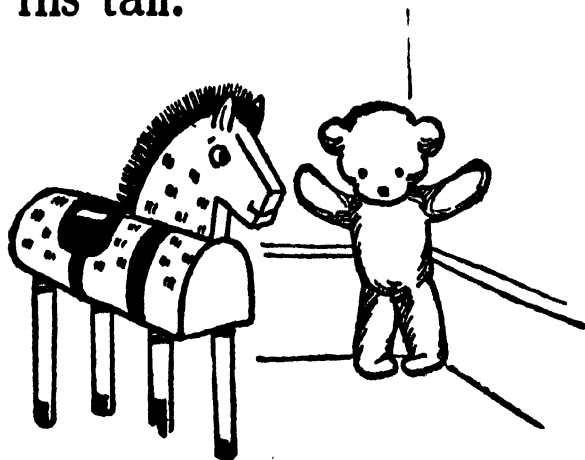
“What has happened?” asked Teddy.

But Dapple would not speak.



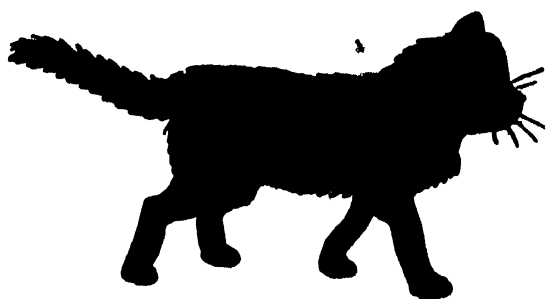
The other toys brought some dusters from the dolls' house and dried him as best they could, and when Jerry came back the little wooden horse was standing in his corner just as he had left him.

But Jerry could never find out how Dapple had broken his leg, nor how he had lost his tail.





THE MICE IN COUNCIL

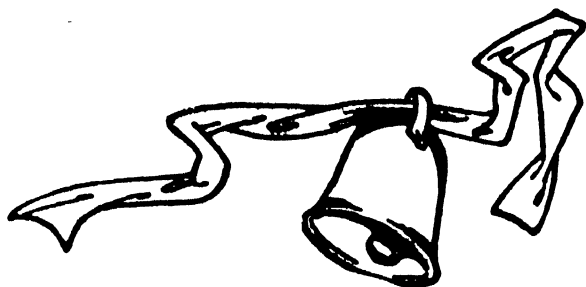


Once upon a time a lot of little mice came together to decide how they could rid themselves of their enemy, the cat.

By and by a young mouse came forward.

“We will get a bell,” he said, “and hang it round her neck. Then we shall always be able to escape when we hear her coming.”

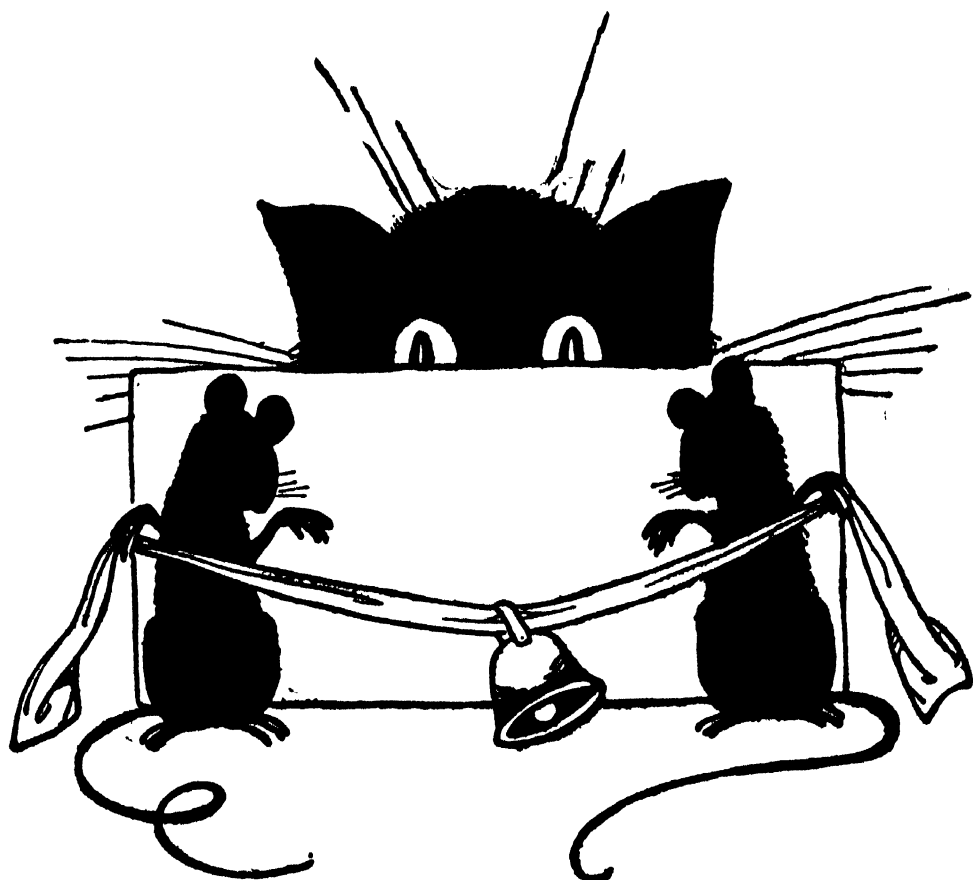
The other mice thought it a splendid idea, and told the



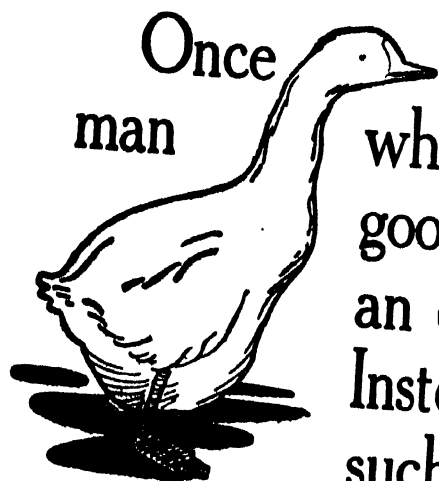
young mouse how clever he was to have thought of it.

But suddenly an old mouse stood up, and asked:

“Who is going to bell the cat?”

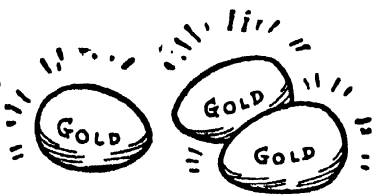


THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS



Once upon a time there lived a man who had a most wonderful goose. Every day she laid an egg of pure gold for him. Instead of being satisfied with such a splendid gift every day, he thought he would try to get the whole treasure at once. So he killed the poor goose and cut her open, expecting to find her full of gold.

But she was just like any other goose!



"You should have let well alone," said an old man who was passing. "Had you kept your goose, you would still have had your golden eggs."

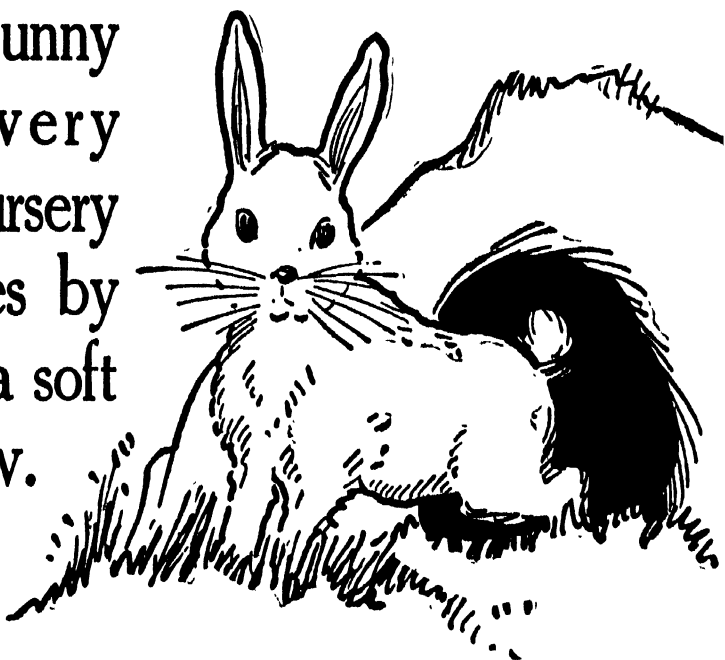
BABY BUNNIES AT HOME

Mother Bunny makes a very comfy little nursery for her babies by scraping out a soft earthy burrow.

This she lines with some of

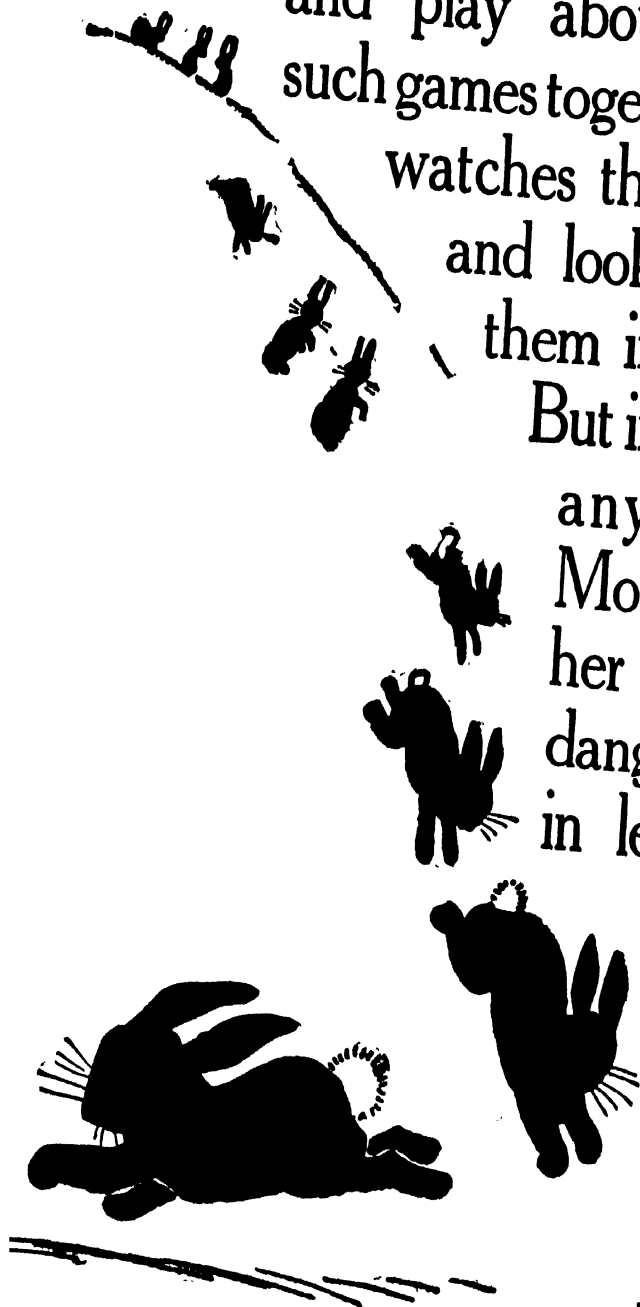
her own fur, to keep her children warm—for at first the babies are quite bare—they have no fur of their own at all!

By-and-bye, when the little ones' coats have grown, Mother Bunny takes



them out with her to nibble the short sweet grass. How they love to tumble and play about! They have such games together, and Mummy watches them as they play, and looks very proud of them indeed.

But if a stranger is seen anywhere about, Mother Bunny tells her children that danger is near, and in less time that it takes to write it all the little bob-bity tails have disappeared down the bur-row again!





THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

A wolf who was ill and not able to move saw a lamb passing in the distance.

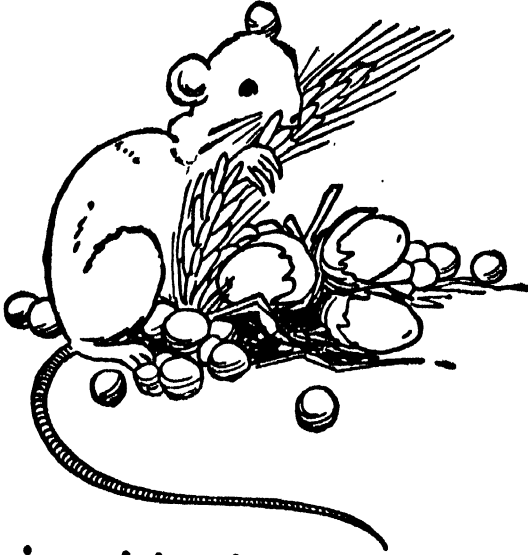
“Come hither,” he called in a piteous voice, “and bring me some water to drink. If you will only fetch me the water, I will provide the meat for myself.”

But the lamb was wise.

“No,” she said, backing away from the wolf. “If I come near enough to bring you the water, I know only too well that I shall be the meat which you will provide for yourself!”



THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.



A COUNTRY
Mouse once
asked his cousin
from the Town
to come and stay
with him, and in

his visitor's honour he brought out the
best food that his larder contained. There
were peas and corn, barley and nuts, and
the Country Mouse hoped that his cousin
would enjoy the plentiful, if homely, fare.

But the Town Mouse only made a
pretence of eating, and his cousin could
see that he did not really enjoy the food
at all. At last the Town Mouse said:

“You are wasting your time living in the Country like this. Come back with me to Town. I will give you dainties which you have never tasted before, and you will not want to come back here again!”

So the little mouse accepted, and when they reached the fine mansion where the Town Mouse lived, he was amazed at the wonderful repast which was spread on the table. The people who lived in the house were at a party, so the two mice helped themselves to everything.

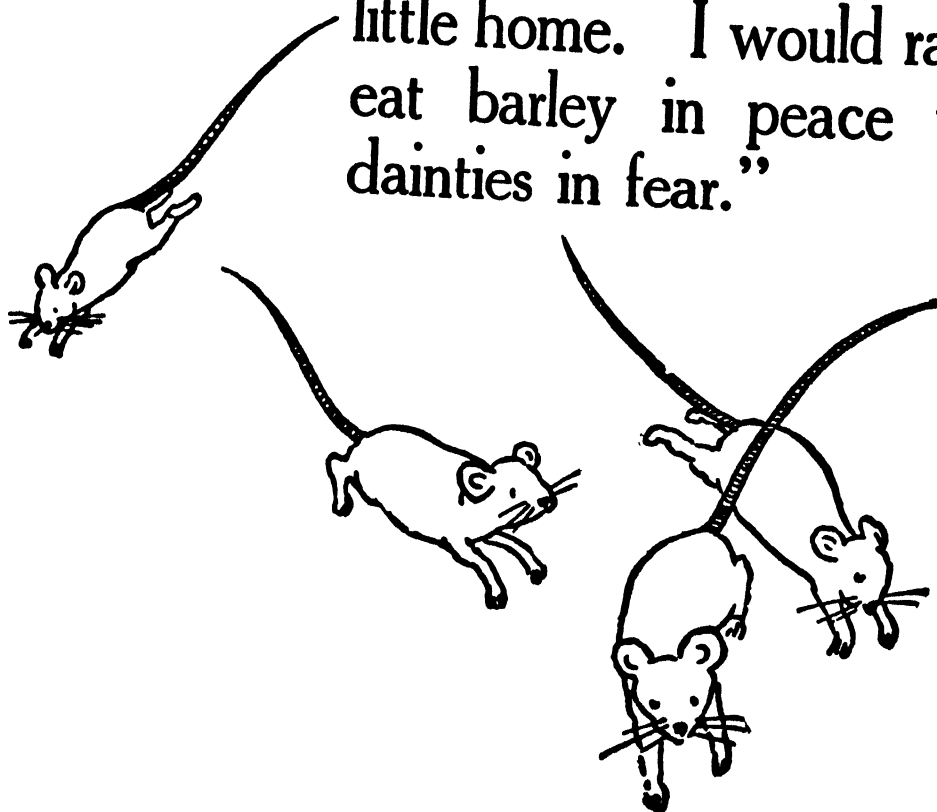
Suddenly, however, the door opened, and the owner of the mansion came in, followed by a couple of fierce dogs.

In the greatest fright the two little mice

jumped from the table and scampered off into the darkest corner they could find.

When the room was quiet again the Town Mouse begged his cousin to finish his meal.

“No, thank you,” replied the Country Mouse, “I am going back to my quiet little home. I would rather eat barley in peace than dainties in fear.”



BABY-BOY AND THE BUNNIES.

“I’D love to find some primroses,”

Said Nell. “I b’lieve we could
A little farther on you know,
Inside this shady wood.”

Said Nancy: “Baby’s fast asleep.

We’ll leave him.
He’ll be good.”



The little sisters
went away.
And Baby-Boy
awoke
To see a bunny
rabbit there



A-peeping round
an oak.

He gave a little
squeal of joy,
It really was a
joke!

Then off the little bunny hopped
As fast as he could go,
And called his friends and neighbours out
And said, "Do come—for oh!—
There is the dearest Baby here,
And all alone, d'you know!"

So lots of other rabbits came
And peeped around the tree,



And Baby clapped his little hands
And shrieked aloud with glee.

“Just hark ! There’s Baby-Boy,” cried
Nell,

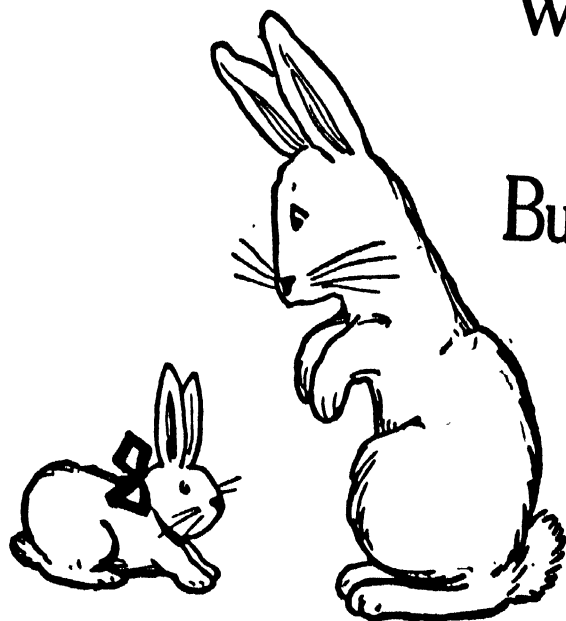
“What can the matter be ?”

They both came back to Baby-Boy
To see a funny sight—

A host of rabbits, big and small,

Were sitting round
the mite !

But when the bunnies
saw them, they
Skipped off in
sudden fright !



ZÖE AT THE ZOO.



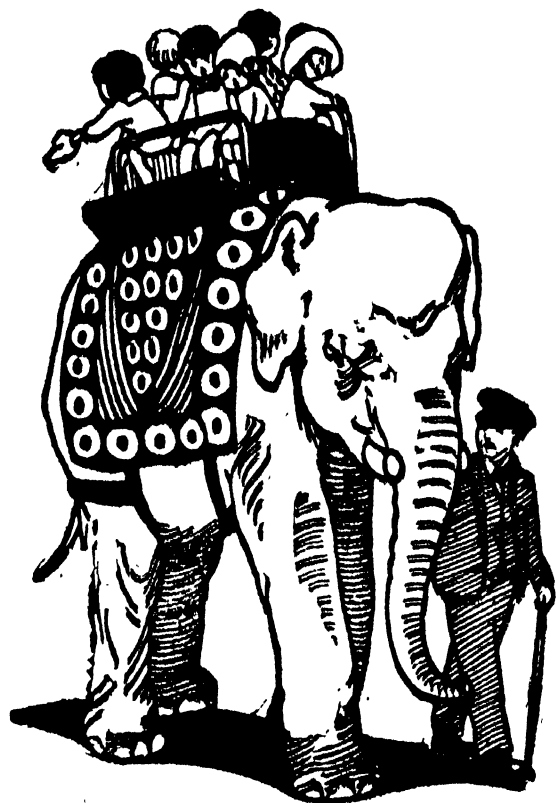
ZÖE was reading her new A.B.C. and she had just come to the end of it—"Y. for Yacht, Z. for Zoo," she said.

"Yes," said Auntie, who had just come in—"Z. for Zoo, and Z. for Zöe, too! How would you like to come to the Zoo with me, to-day?"

.

"Where shall we go first?" asked Auntie, as the turn-stile gate click-clicked behind them.

"'Spect we'd better see the lions and tigers," said Zöe, but she held Auntie's

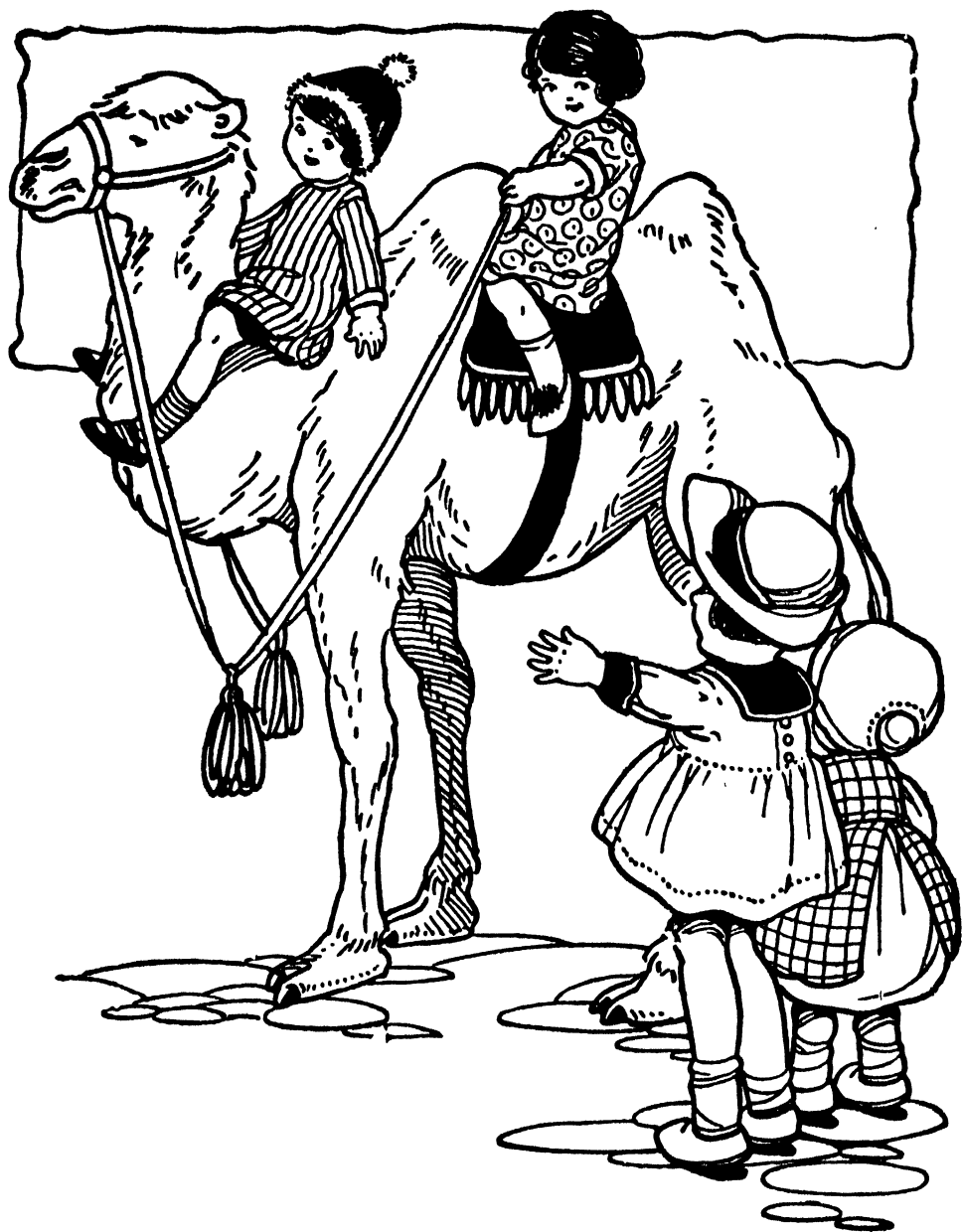


hand very tightly as they passed through the long building, and when she reached the other end of it she gave quite a big sigh of relief.

“Now for the elephants,” said

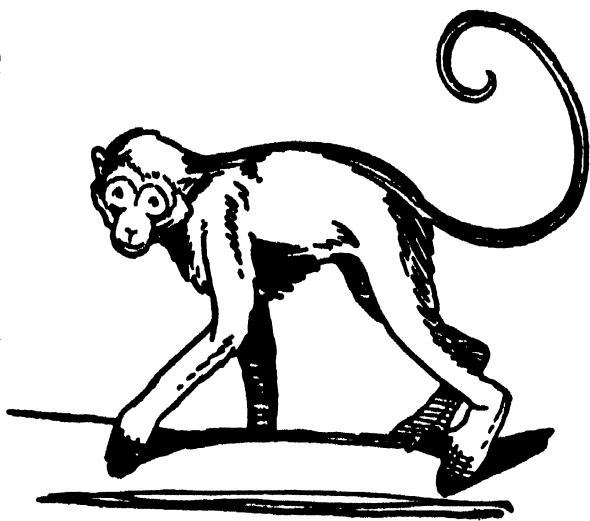
Auntie, and soon little Zöe was enjoying herself enormously, perched up on the back of the biggest Jumbo of all, and having a lovely ride. After that she had a ride on a camel, too, and another one in a little cart drawn by a llama. It was fun!

When the rides were over there were lots of other animals to see.



First, they visited the Monkey House, and Zöe gave nuts and apples to the funny orang-outang in the big outside cage. Then they saw the sea-lions, and watched them being fed. It was simply wonderful the way they jumped out of the water to catch the fishes which were thrown to them—not once did they miss!

“Now we must walk along by the Mappin Terraces,” said Auntie. “You will love the Polar bears, and the brown bears, too, and there are such pretty deer and little fawns jumping about on

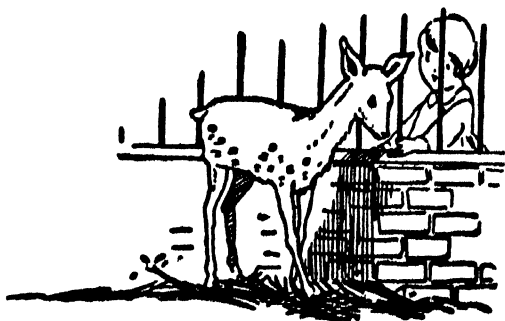




the rocks up there.”

“What else is there to see?” asked Zöe, when she had given the last bit of her very last bun to a quaint little black bear.

“Oh, crowds of things,” laughed Auntie,—“Hippos, and rhinos, and giraffes, and bison, and buffalos, and crocodiles, and zebras, and wolves, and jackals, and—” “Oh-h-h!” gasped Zöe, “how lovely!” And she started off there and then to see every-thing that was left.



It took a long time ! By the end of the afternoon Zöe's plump little legs were feeling dreadfully wobbly and tired, but she managed to keep on, and after they had had some tea and a little rest they finished up by visiting the Parrot House.



.

“It's been a l-l-lovely day !” whispered Zöe, as she cuddled down in bed that night—“the loveliest I've ever had !” And in another moment she was fast asleep, and dreaming of all the wonderful things that she had seen at the Zoo.

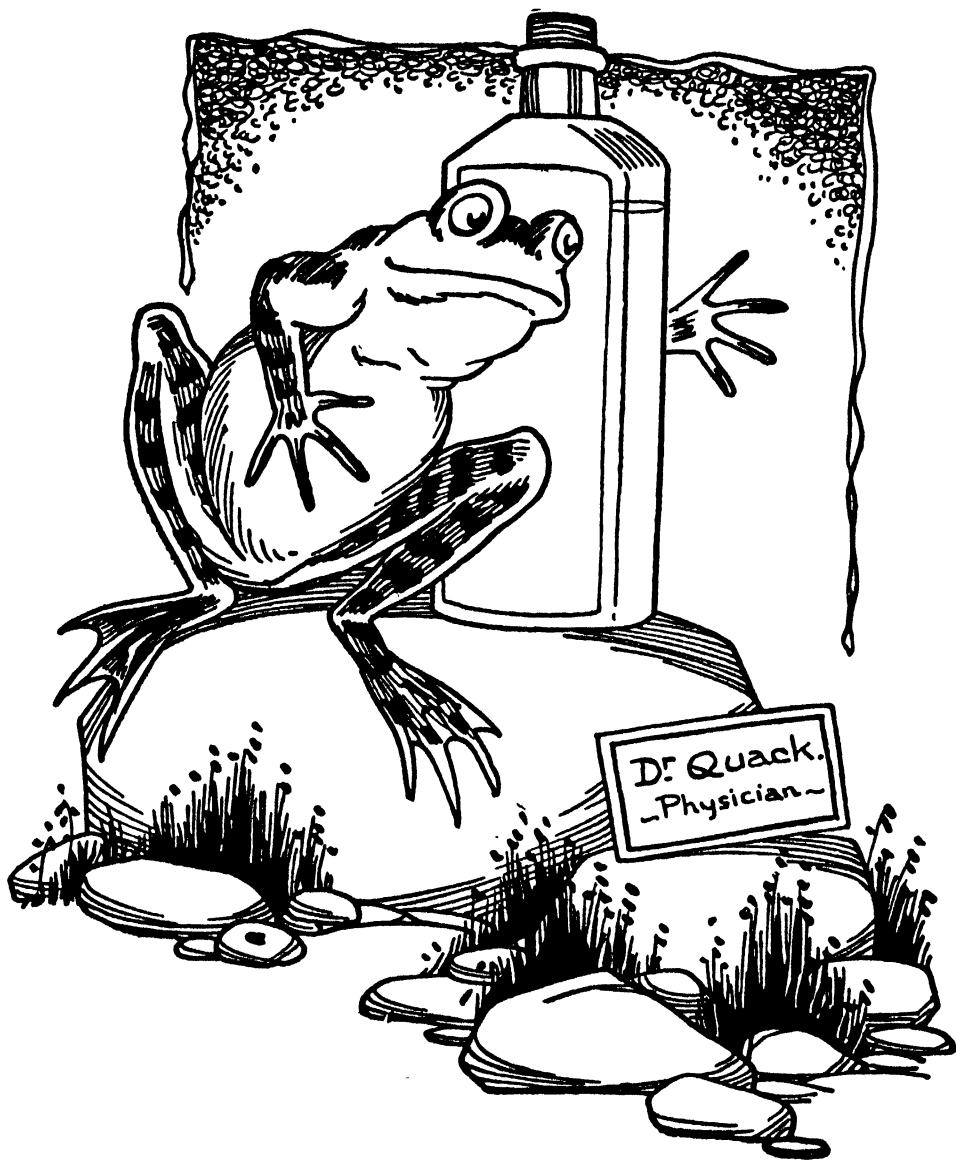
THE QUACK FROG.

ONE day, a frog who was tired of his home in a swamp made up his mind to be a doctor.

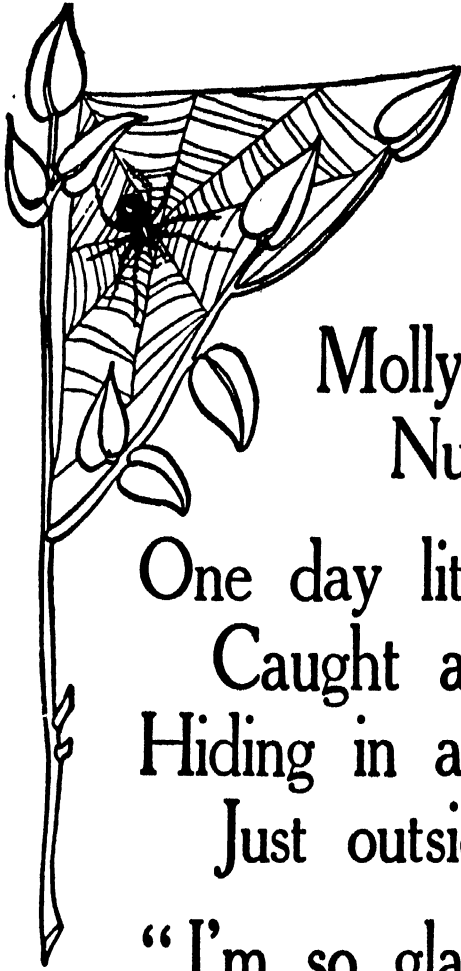
He found a big medicine bottle, and showed it to all the beasts.

“Behold!” he cried, “here is a most wonderful drug. It will cure all the diseases which were ever known!”

At this, a fox came up to him. “If that is so,” he asked, “why do you go through life with a wrinkled skin, bandy legs, and goggle eyes? Doctors should first heal themselves!”



NAUGHTY MOLLY.



MOST folks think
some beastie
Isn't very nice.
Molly hated spiders,
Nurse detested mice.

One day little Molly
Caught a poor wee mouse,
Hiding in a flower-pot
Just outside the house.

"I'm so glad I've found you,"
Naughty Molly said.

"Now I'm going to put you
Into Nurse's bed!"

Back she pulled the bed-clothes,
Mousie gave a squeak,

Molly dropped him quickly
With a frightened shriek!—

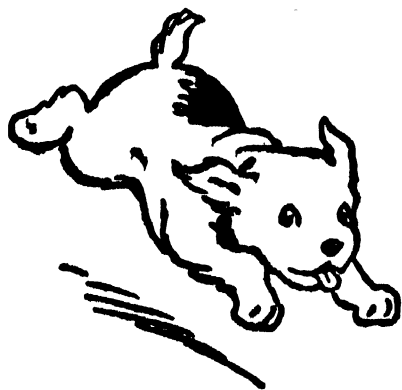
For a great big spider
Ran out on the bed,
From beneath the blanket—
Molly quickly fled!

“Wonder why you gave her
Such a dreadful fright?”
Said the mouse. “I think, though,
That it serves her right!”

“Hurry!” said the spider.
“We had better go,
Though I can’t imagine
Why they hate us so!”

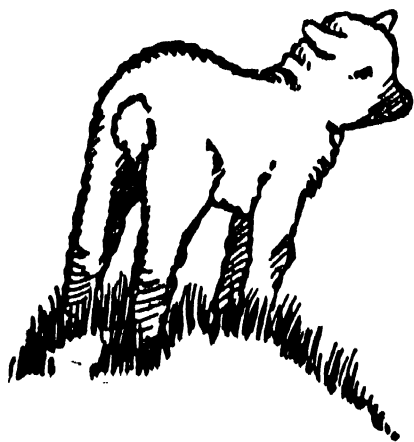


SOME FOUR-FOOTED BABIES.




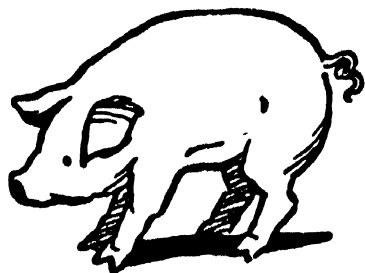
This lively little pup will
be a great big hound
one day.

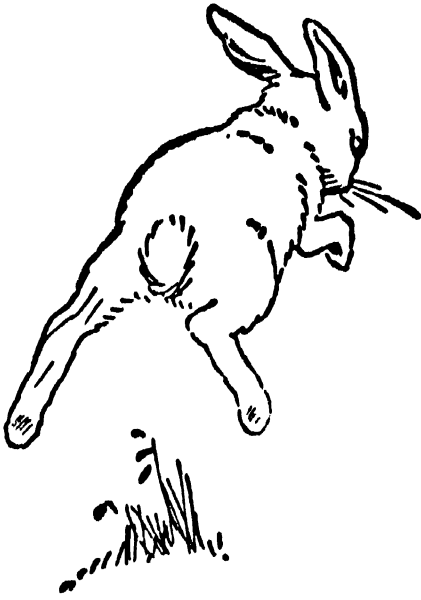
The fluffy kitten to a cat
will grow, too,
Sad to say.



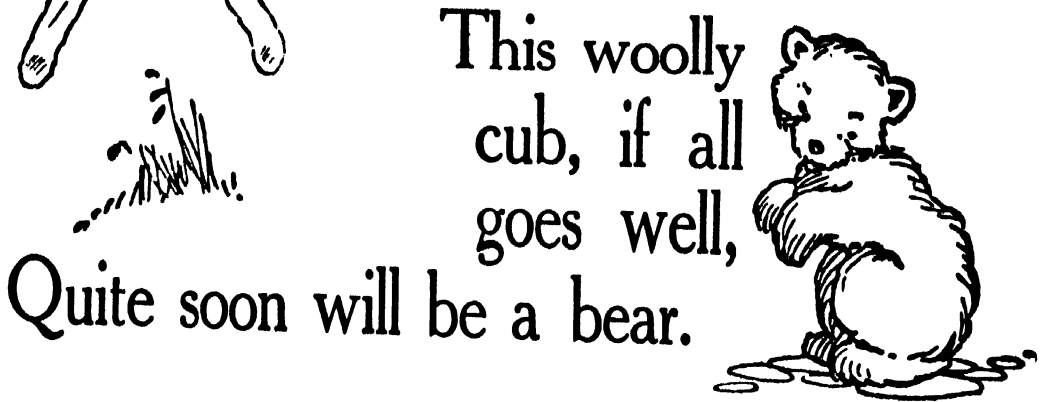
It's hard to think the
frisky lamb
Will be a sheep sedate.

To tell you that this
baby pig
Will be a sow—I hate! 

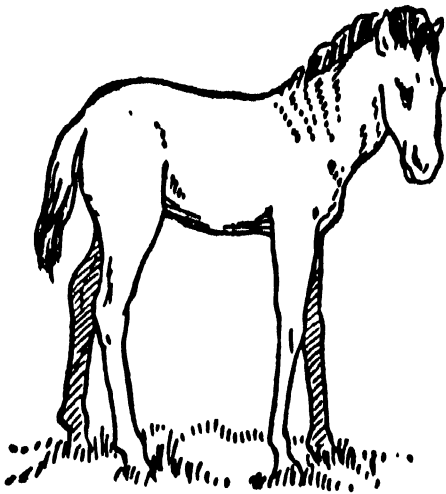




The pretty little leveret
Will grow to be a
hare.

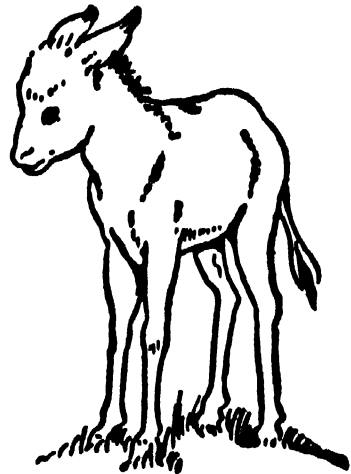


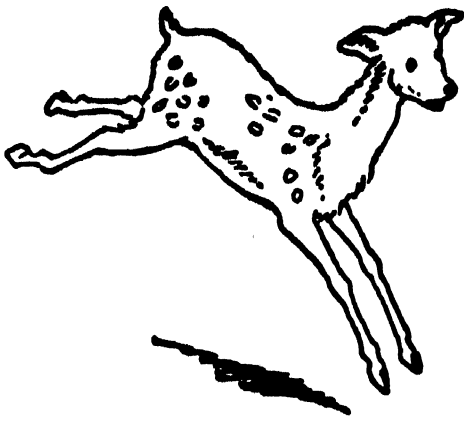
This woolly
cub, if all
goes well,
Quite soon will be a bear.



The colt in just a few
months' time
Will find he is a horse.

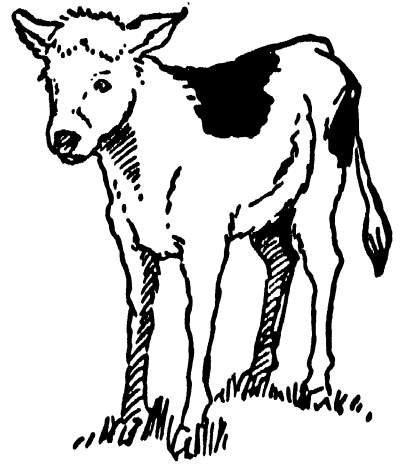
The ass's foal will turn
into
A donkey too, of course.





The little fawn will
grow to be
A great big antlered
deer.

The calf, before so very
long,
Will be a cow, I fear.



And oh ! It makes me
feel quite sad,
Whatever shall I do ?
In just a few years' time,
I s'pose,
I shall be grown up
too !

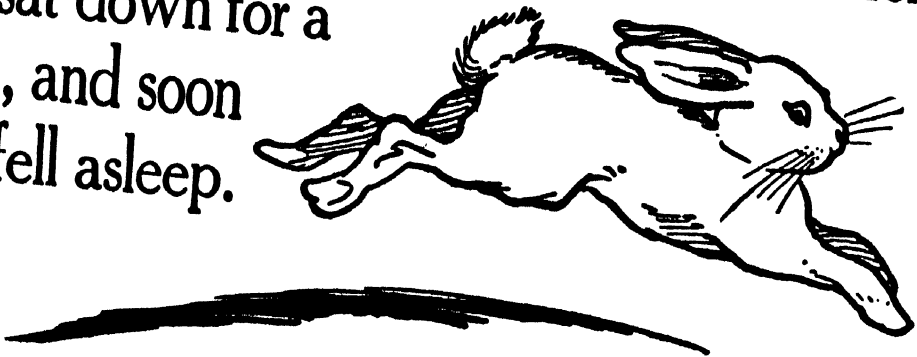


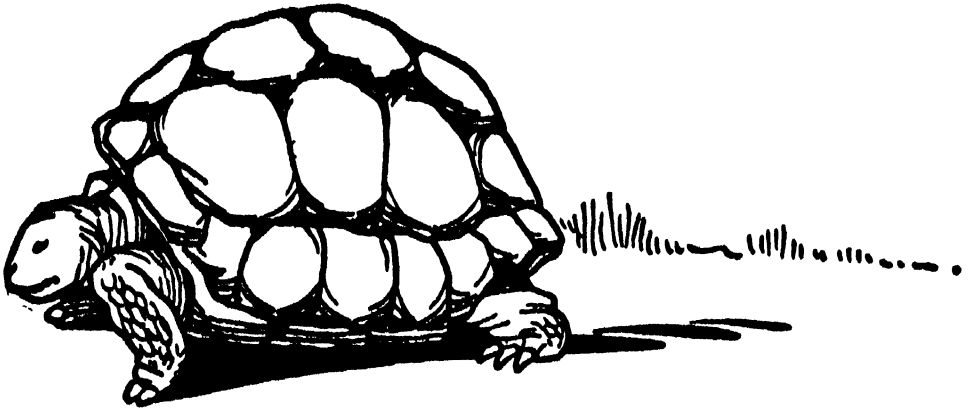
THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

“HA-HA!” laughed a hare one day, as he met a tortoise plodding slowly along the path. “What a slow, clumsy fellow you are! Why, I can run a hundred times faster than you!”

“We will have a race if you like,” replied the tortoise quietly.

“Right!” replied the hare, still laughing, and off he went, bounding along at a great rate, and leaving the poor old tortoise far behind him. Then he sat down for a rest, and soon he fell asleep.





Meanwhile the tortoise plodded slowly on. After some time he came to the hare, but seeing that he was asleep he was careful not to disturb him. At last, after a long, steady walk, he reached the end of the journey.

Soon afterwards the hare came bounding up, quite breathless, and looking very much ashamed of himself.

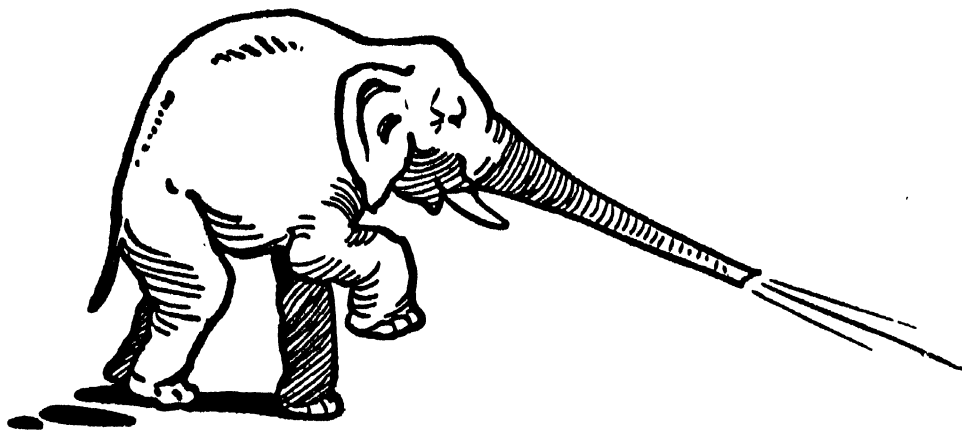
It was now the tortoise's turn to laugh, but he did not do so. He just said, very quietly :

“Slow and steady wins the race!”

THE CLEVER ELEPHANT.

ONCE, in India, a native tailor used to sit on his mat, working, by the side of the road, and every morning a certain elephant used to pass him, with his mahout or keeper.

One day, the silly tailor, thinking that he would have a joke at the poor elephant's expense, held out his hand as though he had something nice to give the animal. The elephant at once moved its trunk towards him (like the elephants at the Zoo do, when you give them buns), and the unkind tailor pricked the soft, tender end of the trunk with his needle. Wasn't it cruel of him? The elephant went on his way, and did

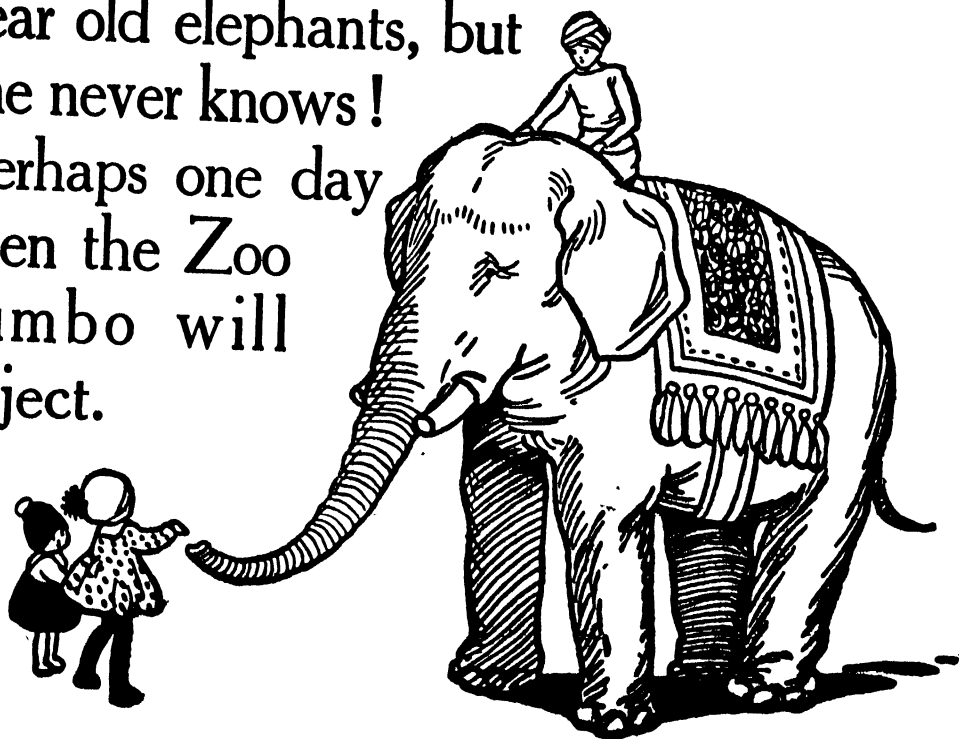


not appear to take much notice, but he had noticed, all the same, and the sharp, pricking pain in his trunk made him think of a way in which he would punish the tailor.

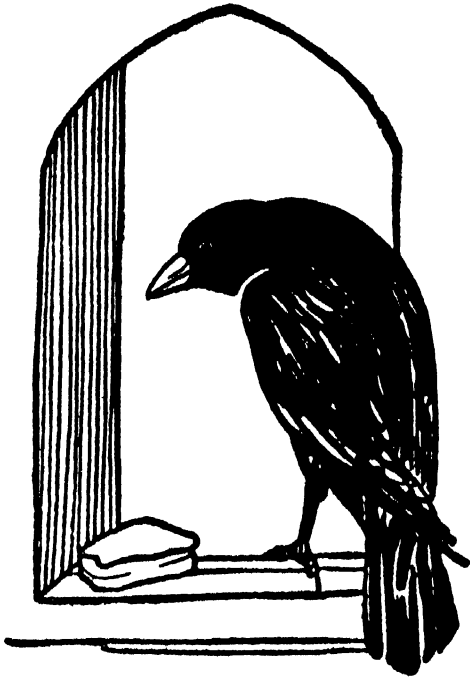
So the next day, before he left for his usual walk, the elephant filled his trunk with the dirtiest water he could find!—Quarts and quarts of it. Then, when the tailor looked up at him, as he lumbered past, he suddenly squirted all that dirty water full in the man's face!

Of course the tailor was very angry, and I expect he called the elephant all sorts of names, and his mahout, too, very likely—but I think it served the tailor right, don't you ?

So when you are at the Zoo, don't give the elephant all sorts of things he can't eat. They are very patient, those dear old elephants, but one never knows ! Perhaps one day even the Zoo Jumbo will object.



THE FOX AND THE CROW.



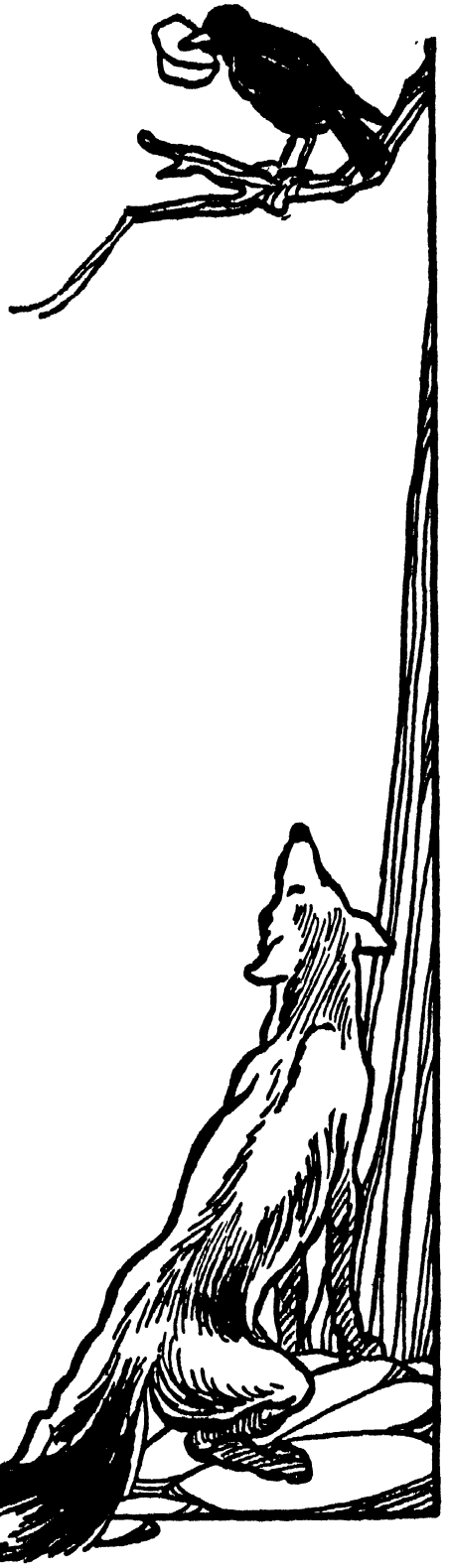
ONE day a hungry crow found a nice piece of cheese lying just outside a window. Picking it up in her bill, she flew off to a neighbouring tree with her prize, and prepared to enjoy it in comfort.

But a fox had seen the cheese, too, and trotting over to the tree he looked up at the crow as if admiring her very much.

“What beautiful wings you have!” he said, “and how glossy your feathers are! Your eyes, too, are brighter than

those of any other bird I have ever known! Does your voice equal your beauty? If you would sing a little song I should be delighted, and then too, I should be able to hear for myself."

The silly crow up in the tree was very pleased with this flattery, and opening her mouth she gave a loud "Caw."

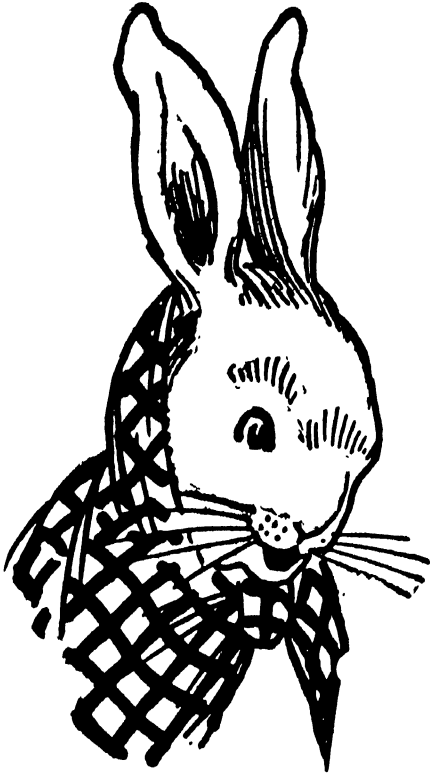


Of course the cheese at once fell out of her bill—and down into the open jaws of the fox, who walked away with it in triumph.

And as he went, the crow said sadly to herself :

“Beware of flatterers ! ”



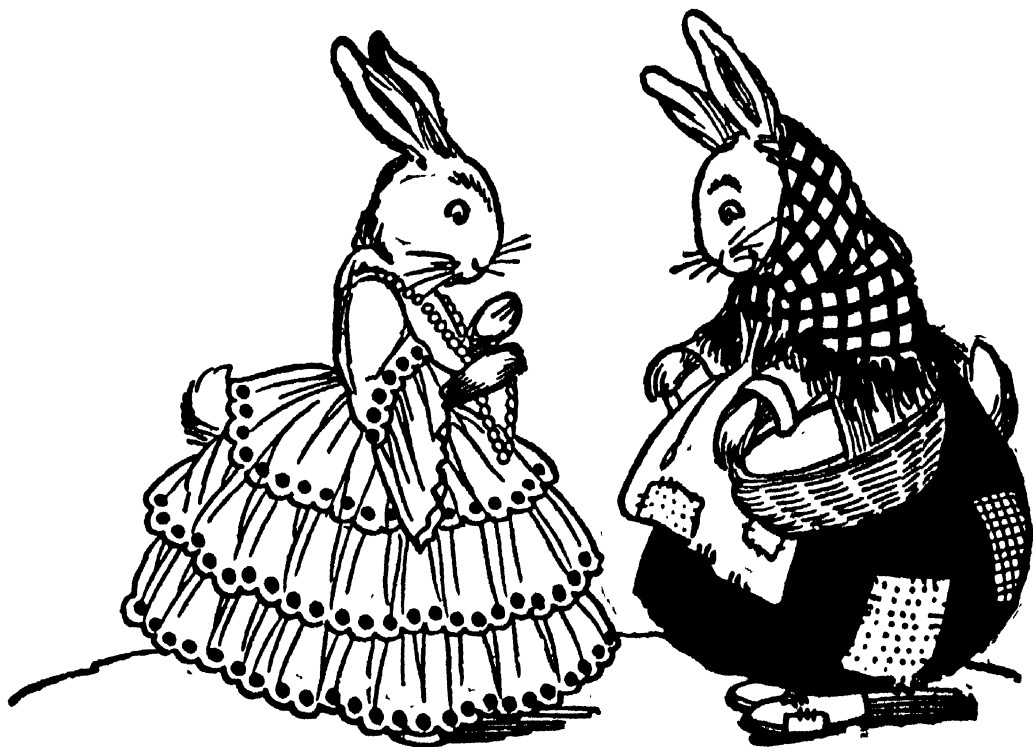


RICH
MRS. BOB-TAIL

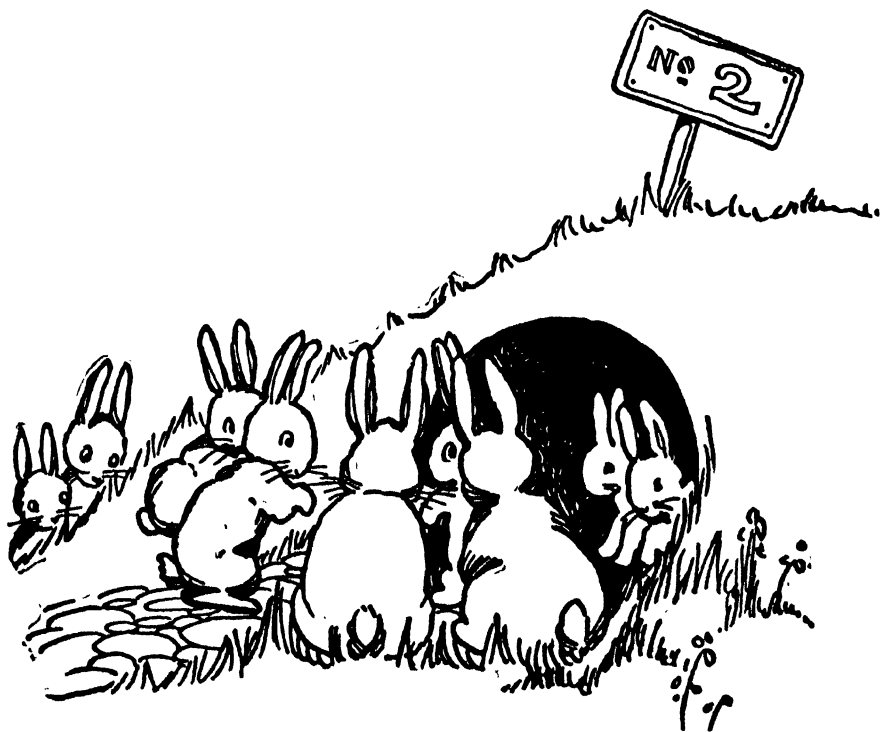
At number two the Warren,
Lived Mrs. Bob-tail Bun,
With all her little rabbits
From Flap, the eldest son,
Right down to tiny Topsy,
Who was the youngest one.
She'd scarcely any money,
Her shoes were very worn,
Her aprons past all mending

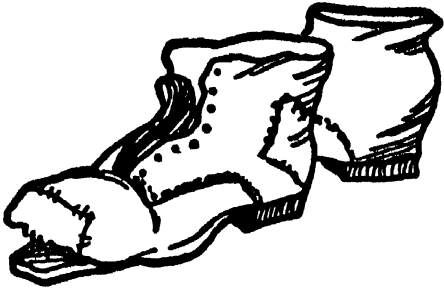
Because they were so torn,
Yet Mrs. Bob-tail Bunny
Was not a bit forlorn.

“I always feel quite happy,”
Said Mrs. Bob-tail Bun
To Mrs. Leslie Long-ears,
Who lived at number one,
“We’ve just enough to keep us,
And life is full of fun !”



“My dear,” said Mrs. Long-ears
To Leslie, that same night,
“Poor Mrs. Bob-tail Bunny
Is really not quite right !
She talks of being happy,
Yet looks a perfect sight.
“She has that tribe of children !
She’s poor as she can be,
Her clothes are so old-fashioned,





Her boots you ought
to see!

I'm glad I'm rich!"

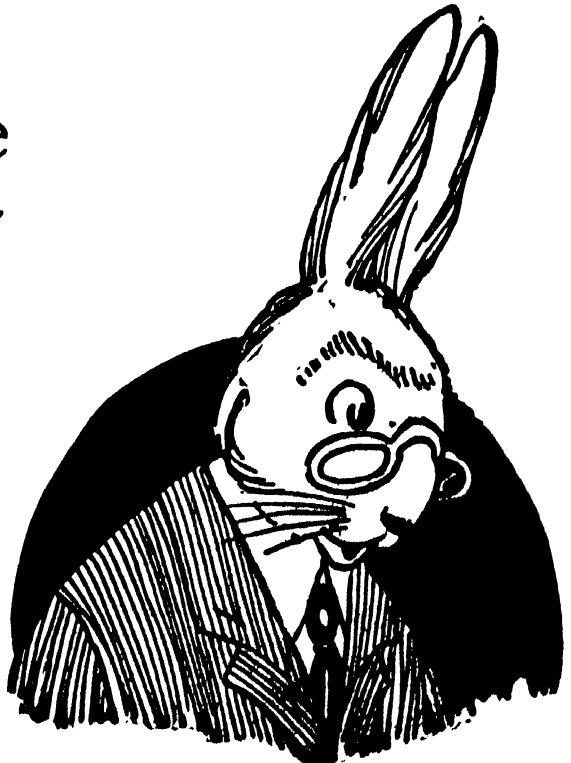
But Long-ears
Said, "Listen, dear, to me,

"Though Mrs. Bob-tail Bunny
May scarcely have a cent
She's better off than we are,

I know just what
she meant.

She has what we
have **not**, my
dear,

—A great store
of Content!"

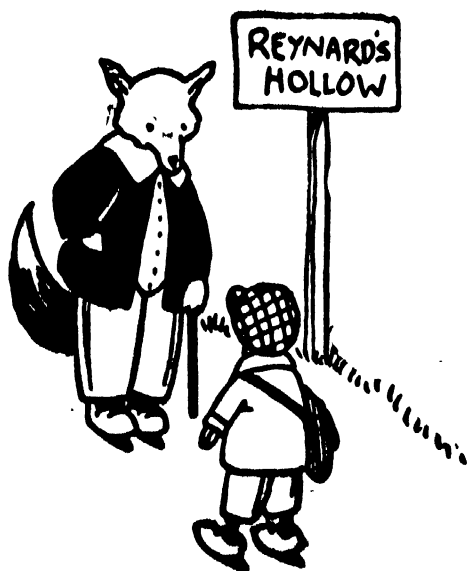




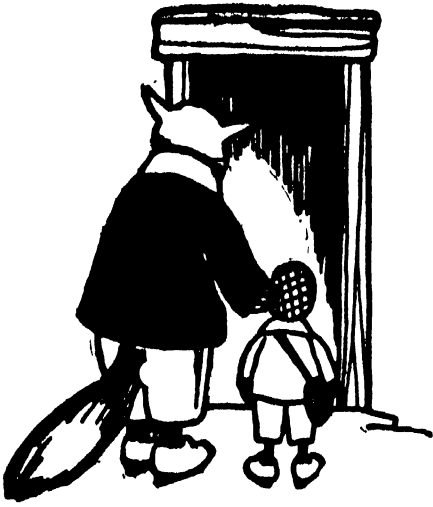
THE STORY OF GILBERT GOSLING

Gilbert Gosling was on
his way home from school.

It was such a lovely
day that he went the long
way round, past Reynard's
Hollow.



“Good morning,
little Gosling,” said
a voice.



Gilbert did not know that the fox was an enemy. He went indoors with him to have some lemonade.

“Now I’ve got you,” said Reynard, and he tied Gilbert up to the wood pile outside the back door.



Then he went off to fetch his biggest saucepan, and some herbs, and some apples for apple sauce.



Poor Gilbert Gosling
shed big tears.

“Can I help you?”
asked a voice.

It was Fanny Field-
Mouse. With her sharp
teeth she bit right through
the cord that held Gilbert
prisoner.

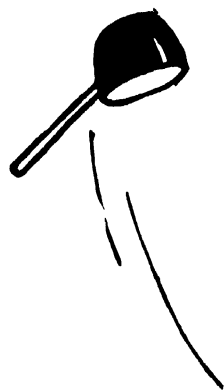
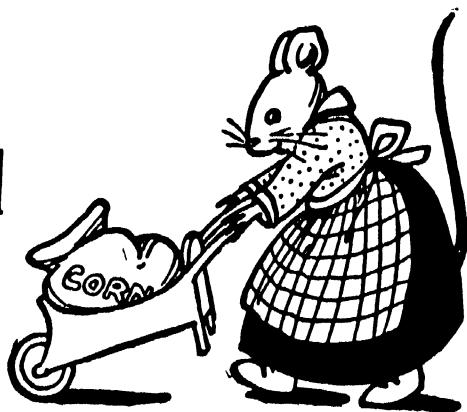


Then they raced
off together across
the field.



Mrs. Goose gave Fanny a whole wheelbarrow full of corn, she was so pleased with her.

And Fanny trundled it home.

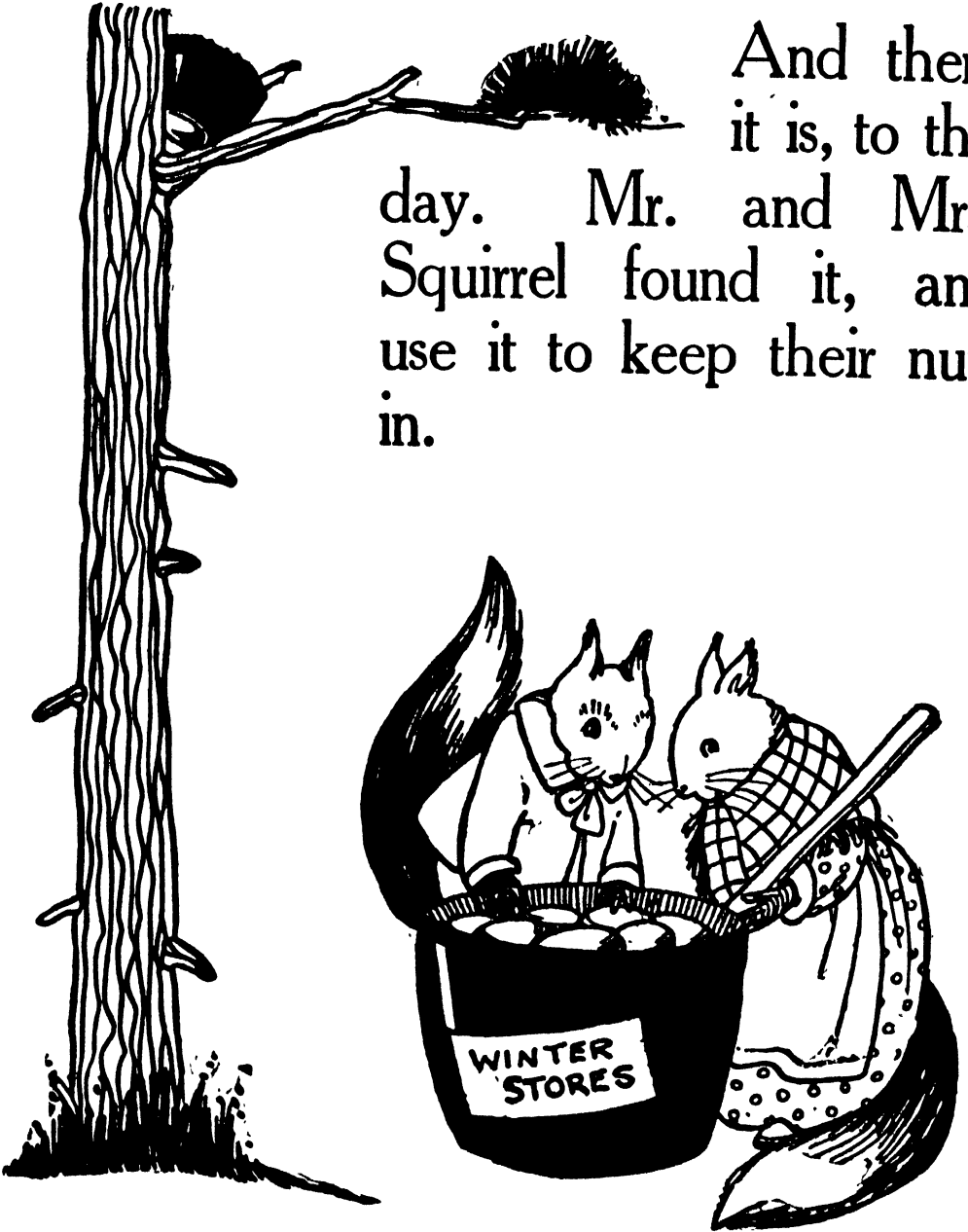


But Reynard was so angry that he kicked the saucepan right over the top of the house.



And up into a fir tree.

And there
it is, to this
day. Mr. and Mrs.
Squirrel found it, and
use it to keep their nuts
in.



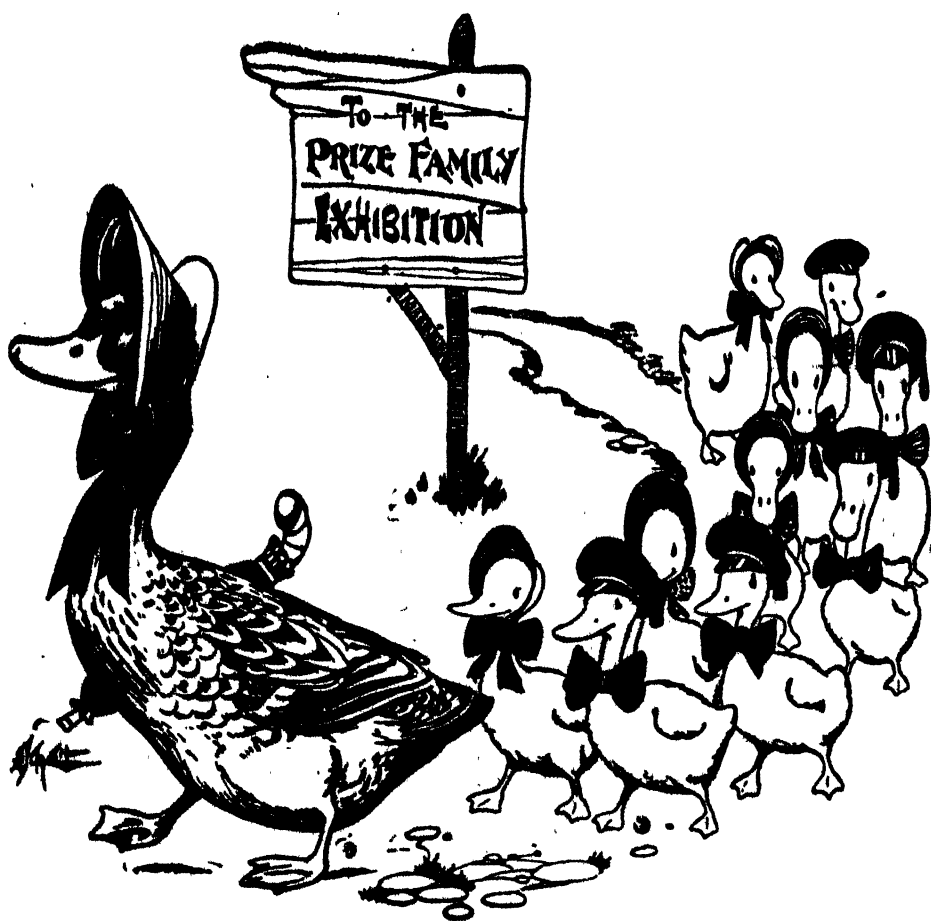
DANDY

Now Dandy can do twice as much
As other horses do,
For other horses carry one
But Dandy carries two.
Then I'm in front as driver
And sister rides behind,
And off we go together
And Dandy doesn't mind.



If we shall go
to India,
Or Africa or
Spain,
He takes us
there to-
gether
And brings us
back again.

children ten
Won the Prize at the Summer Show,
And waddled home again;
Each duck with a brother,
They followed their mother
Two by two to the pond again.





LITTLE BO-PEEP



MARYBUD AND THE BIRDS

Marybud stood by the nursery window, watching the snowflakes as they whirled past. It was ever so cold, and the ground was covered with a soft white carpet.

“Poor little dickey-birds,” said Marybud. “They can’t find any food. All the berries are covered up under the snow.”

Then she had a bright idea. Running to the kitchen, she begged for a piece of nice crumby bread, and soon she had strewn a meal of crumbs outside the nursery window.



By-and-bye a little bird came and hopped

on to the sill and, picking up the biggest crumb, he flew off with it.



Then another little bird came, and then another, till all Marybud's crumbs were gone.

So every morning, while the cold weather lasted, Marybud covered the nursery window sill with crumbs, and the birds grew more and more bold and friendly. At last they would hop about on the sill quite happily even though the little girl was quite close to them, and once a robin took a crumb from her hand. Marybud **was** pleased.



But by-and-bye the days grew brighter. The snow had melted right away, and the birds no longer seemed to need the crumbs on the window sill. They were able to find other food quite easily.

Marybud felt quite sad. "I'll have to wait until next winter before they come back," she sighed. "Oh dear, I should love to have a little bird of my very own."

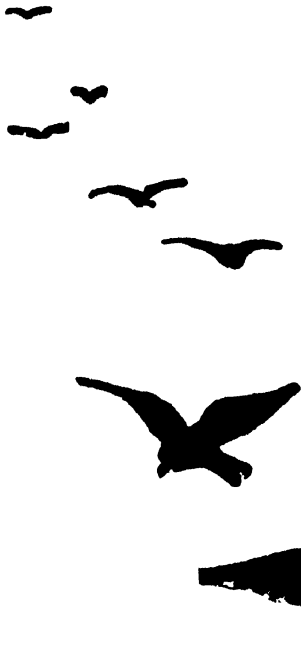


And that very day, what do you think happened?

A present arrived for Marybud from kind old Mrs. Forbes, who lived across

the road. It was a lovely new birdcage and inside it was the dearest, sweetest little canary you ever saw!

Mrs. Forbes had watched Marybud every day, as she was feeding her hungry family of birds, and she knew that the little girl would be kind to any pet that she



might have. So she sent her that dear little canary for her very own.

Wasn't that nice?

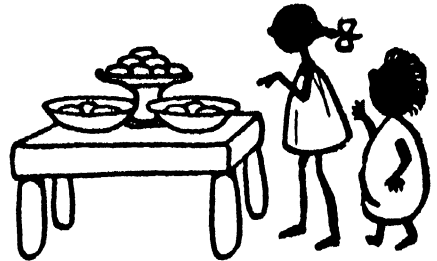


COOKING DAY



Mary made some Sally Lunn's,
Soda cakes and currant buns.
Bet and Baby came to look.
(Mary was a splendid cook.)

Mary left them on a tray,
Closed the door, and
went away.

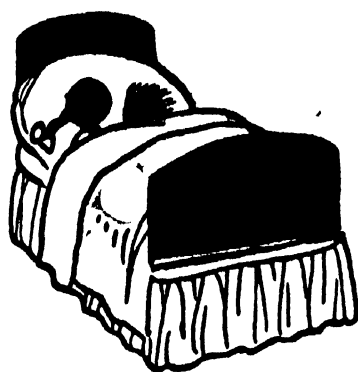


Bet and Baby, by and bye,
Thought they'd each have one to try.
They **were** nice! Bet ate eleven!
Baby, too, demolished seven!

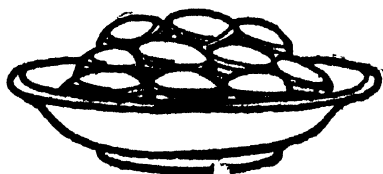


Now, alas, they're
feeling seedy.
"Dears," says Mum-
my, "You've been
greedy."

You were going out with me,
Off to Auntie Nan's for tea,
Now, alas, I fear, instead,
You will have to stay in bed."



Now, when buns
And Sally Luns
On a tray
Appear—why, **they**
(Bet and Baby)
Feeling, maybe
They will steal,
Turn on their heel
“No,” they say,
“We’ll look away!”
(And so they do.
It’s quite, quite true!)



My first is in currant, but not in
fig,

My second's in sow, but not in pig,

My third is in Goat, but not in ship,

My fourth is in slide,
and also in slip

My fifth is in noun,
but not in word,

My whole is
the name of a
dear wee bird.



**CAN YOU
GUESS THIS
LITTLE
ACROSTIC?**



JACK AND HIS WISHES

If Jack could have
his wishes,

What a lot of things he'd be !
An Indian, a smuggler, and
A sailor on the sea.

He'd be a bus
conductor,
And an engine-
driver too,
The Emperor of
China, and
A keeper at the
Zoo.

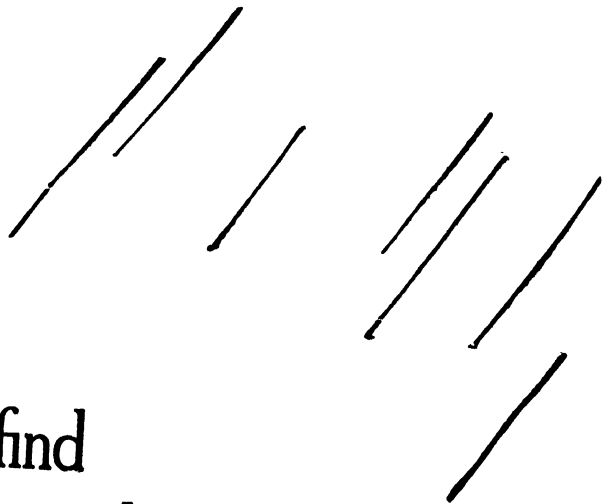


He'd love to be a chimney-sweep
(And never wash his hands),
An airman, and a donkey boy
On sunny Margate sands.

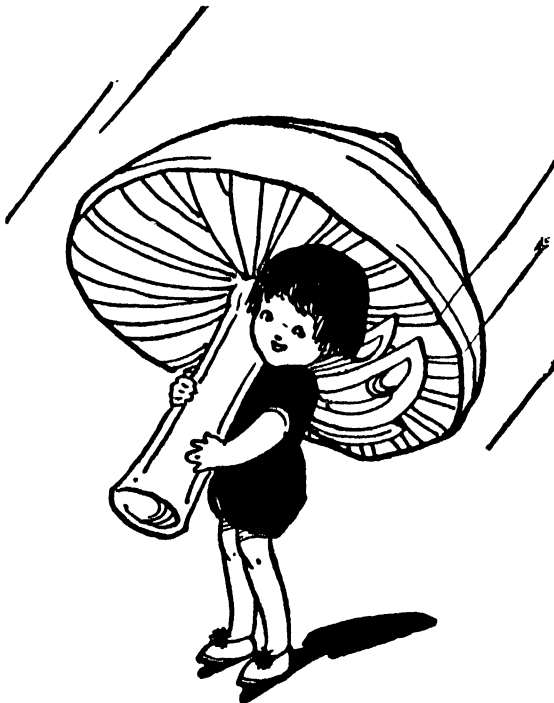
He'd be a famous doctor, and
He'd charge
a great big
fee.

• • • • •
If Jack could
have his
wishes,
What a lot
of things
he'd be!

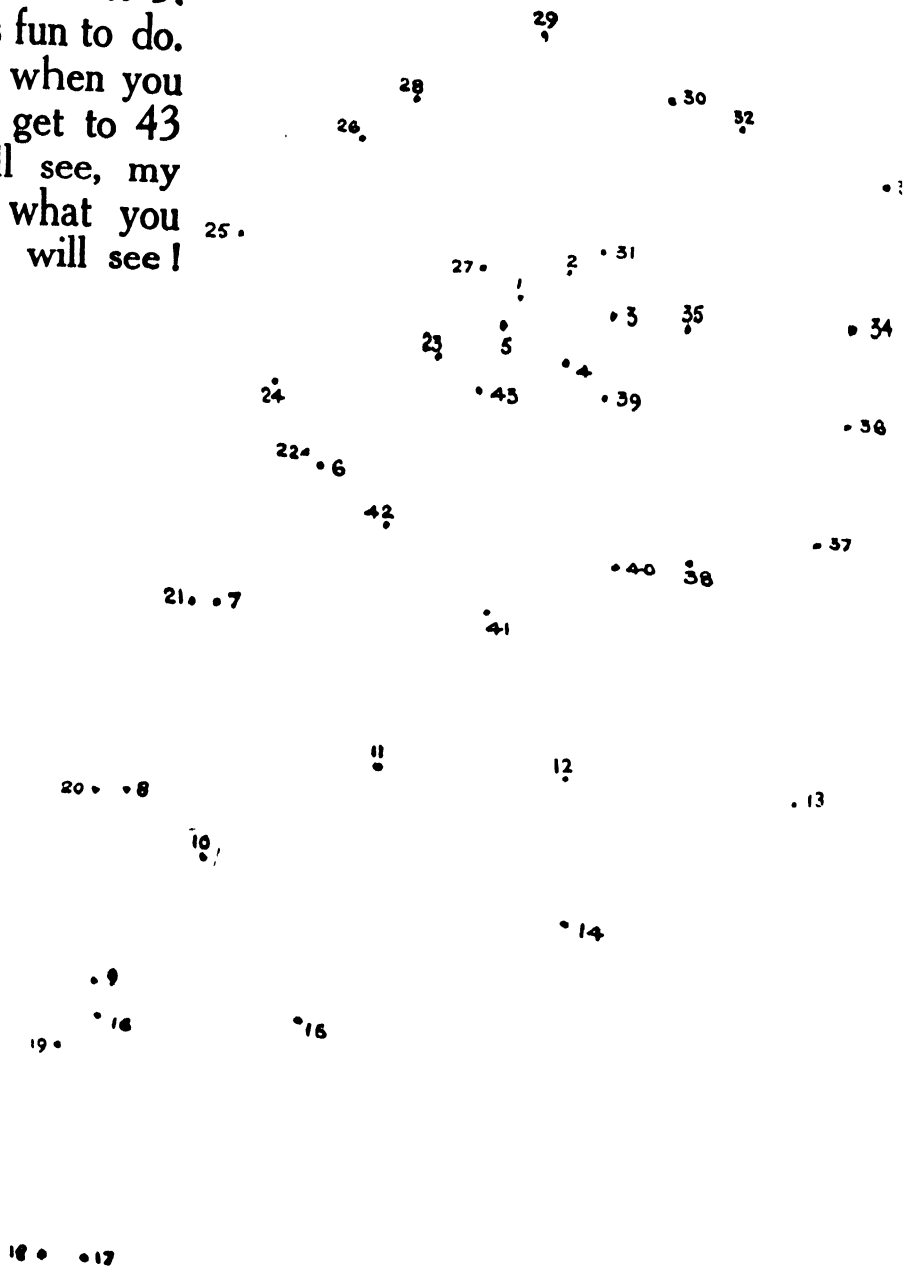




And now we'll find
some game to play
Whenever it's
a rainy day.



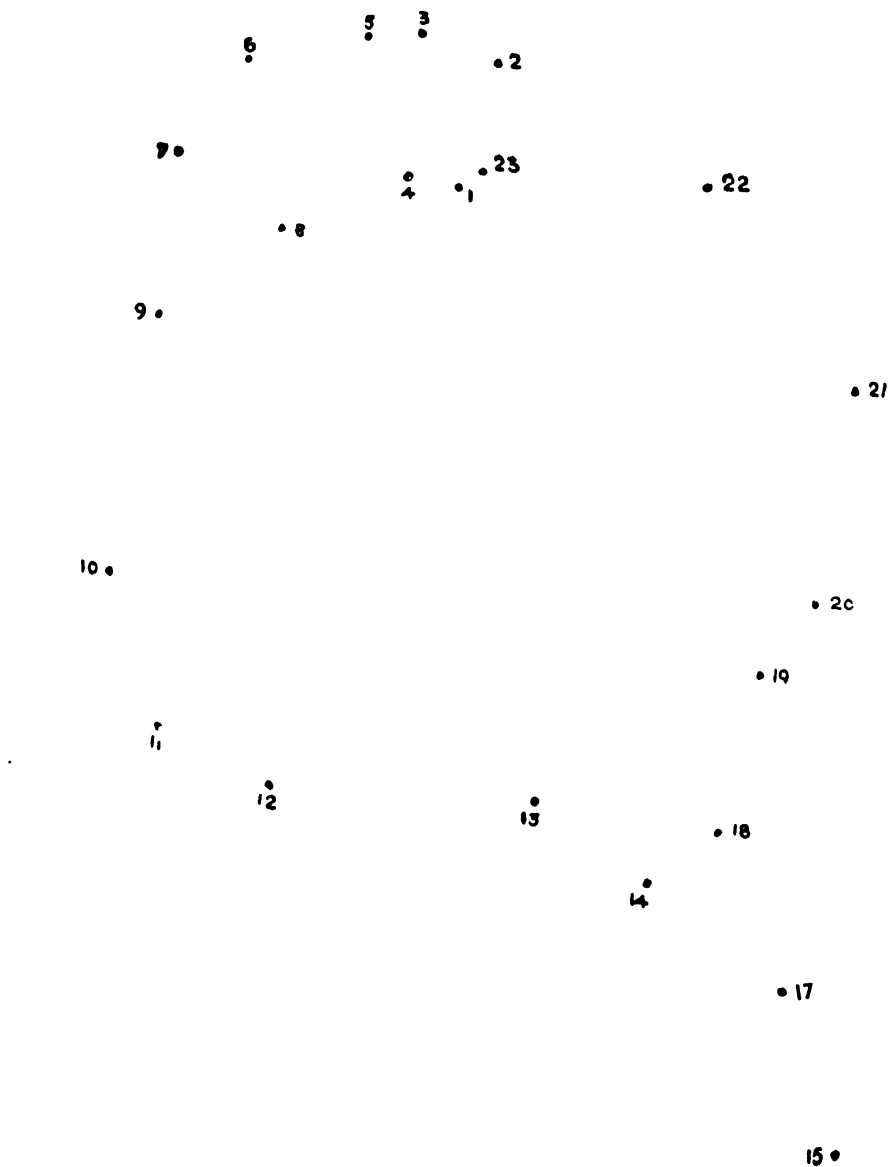
It doesn't matter if it pours—
 We'll do some gardening indoors:
 Just draw a line from 1 to 2,
 And then to 3.
 It's fun to do.
 And when you
 get to 43
 You'll see, my
 dear, what you
 will see!



Looking like some wee fairy's boat,
 We'll see the water-lily float.



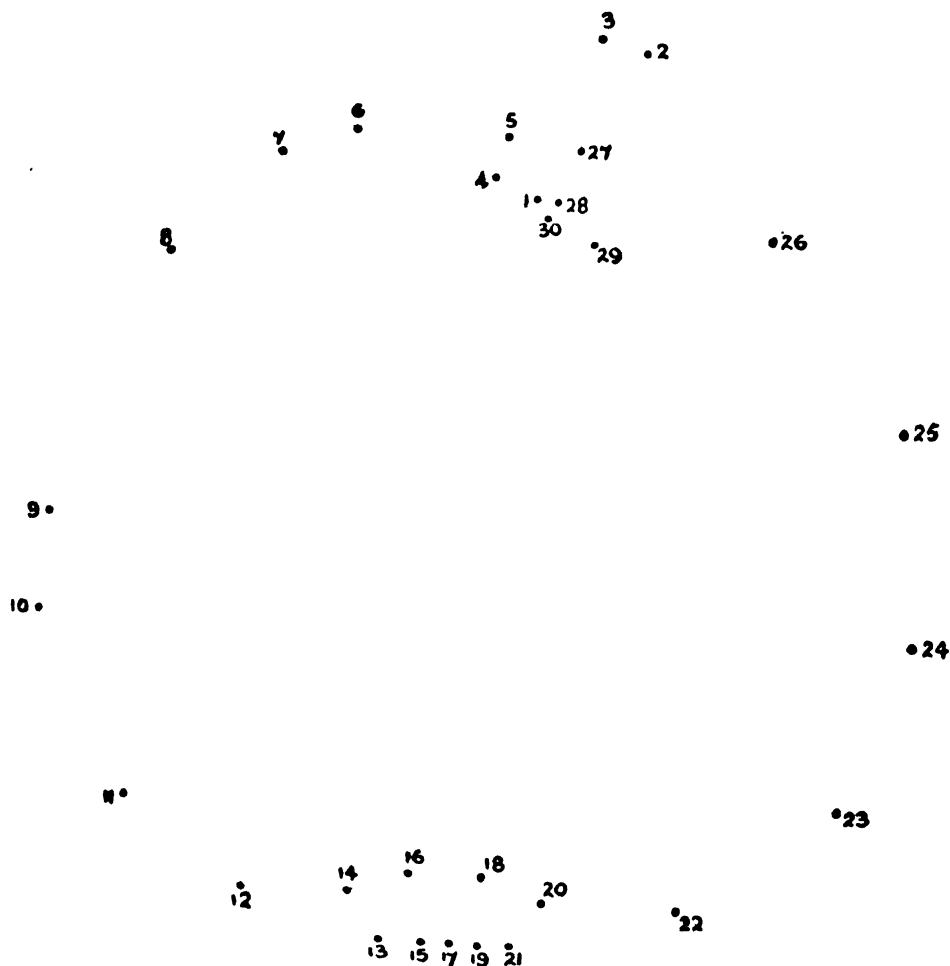
We must grow something useful, too.
How would the homely turnip do?



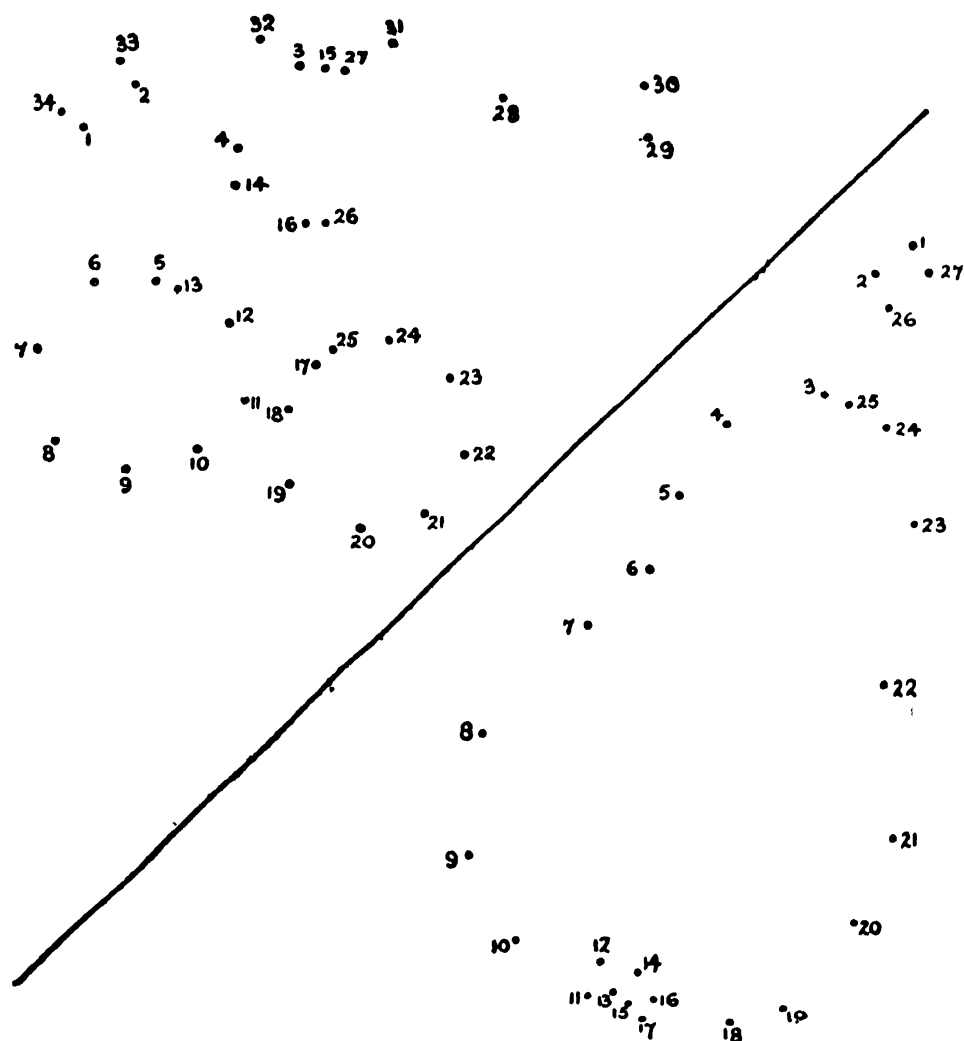
The carrot is a useful thing,
Our pencil will some fine ones bring.



I think we'd like an apple, too—
How will this nice big pippin do?



And two more fruits you'll find below,
In orchards they quite often grow.



THE BRAVE DUTCH DOLLY



Dutch Dolly lived in a little wooden house in Toy Town.

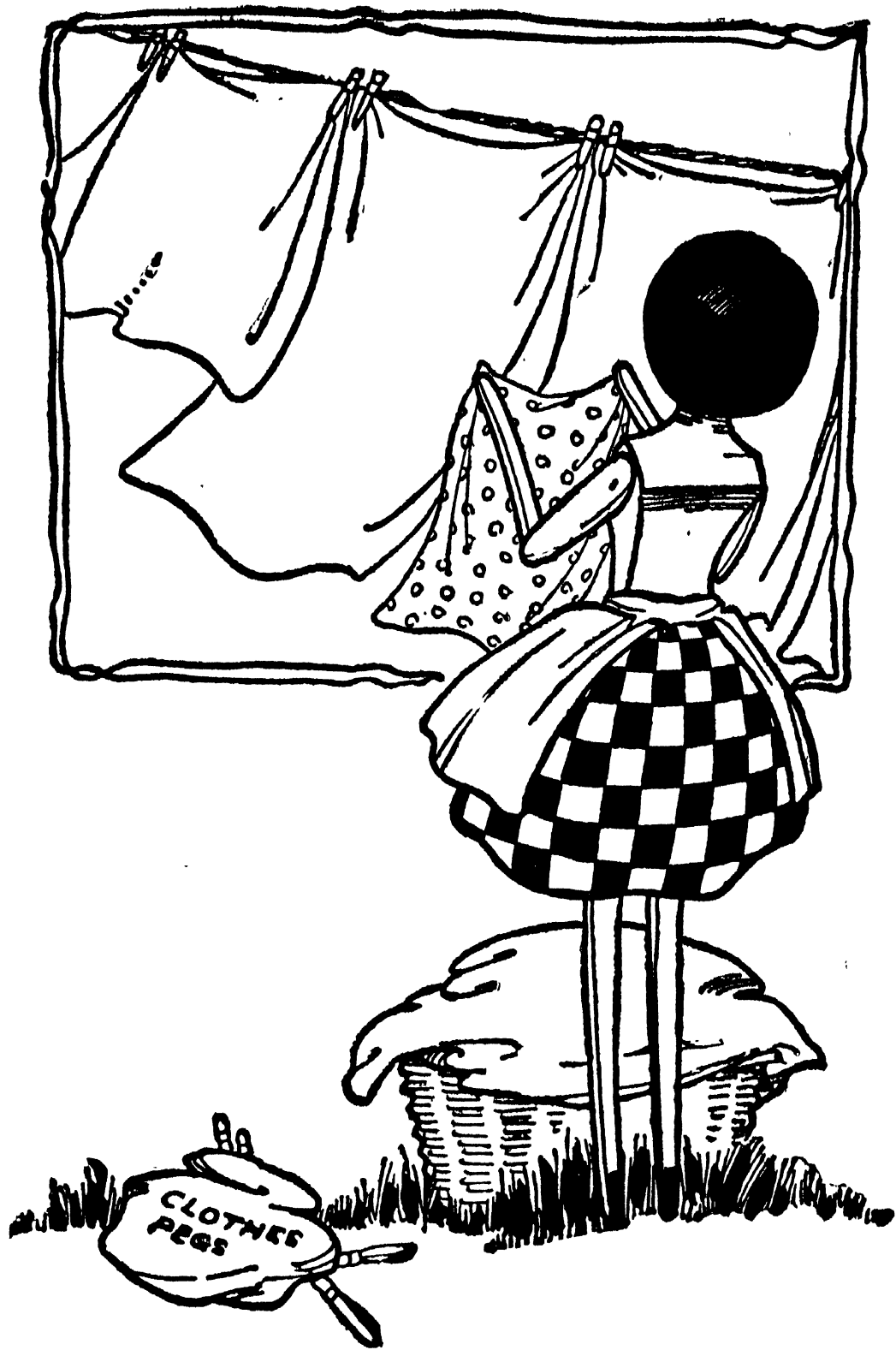
Next door to her lived Teddy-bear.

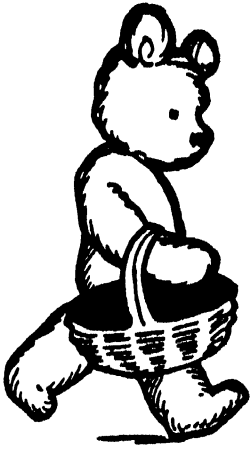
One morning Dutch Dolly was hanging out her washing on the line—



when she felt sure that she saw a **strange face** looking out of Teddy-bear's bedroom window.

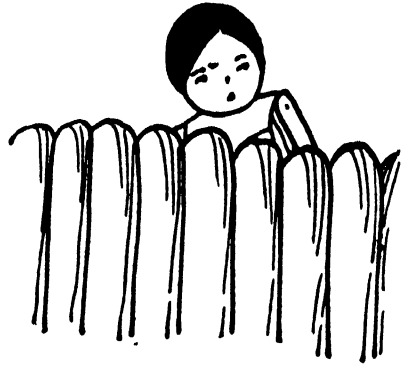






Who could it be?
Teddy-bear had gone out
shopping, she knew.

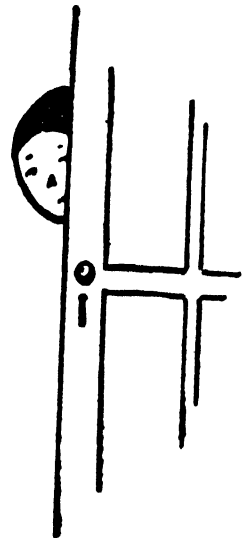
She peeped over the
fence. Teddy-bear's
back door was open.



Dutch Dolly crept into
Teddy's garden and in
through the back
door.



Then she crept upstairs
and peeped into Teddy's
bedroom.



A burglar was there!
He was turning out
Teddy-bear's chest of
drawers.



Dutch Dolly
turned the key
in the lock and crept
downstairs again.



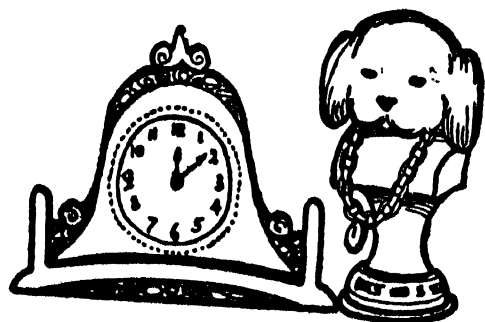
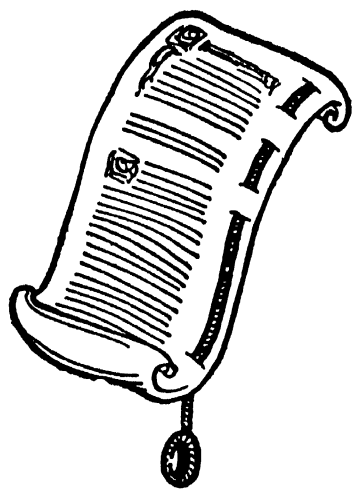
Then she ran and
fetched a policeman.
He soon took the
burglar prisoner.





Teddy-bear didn't
know how to thank brave
Dutch Dolly enough,

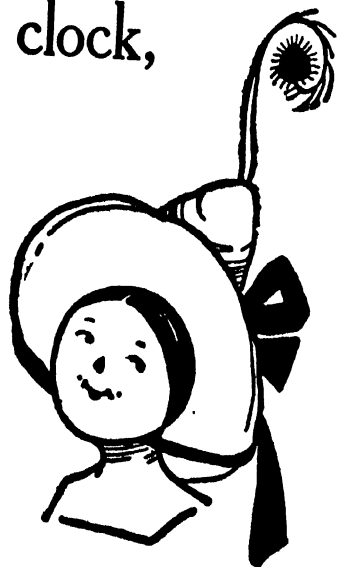
and the Mayor and
Corporation of Toy
Town presented her with
a beautiful address and a



marble bust of the
Mayor, and also a
bronze clock,

and a new hat.

(She liked the new
hat best.)



WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?

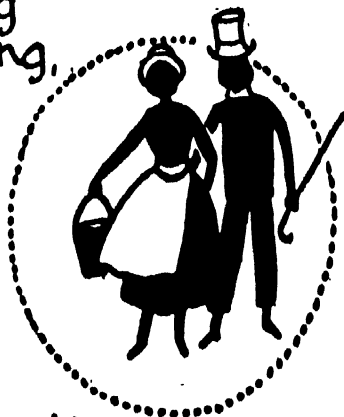


"Where are you going to,
my pretty maid?"

"I'm going
a-milking,
sir,"

she said.

"May I go with you, my
pretty maid?"



"You're
kindly
welcome,
sir," she said.

"What is your father, my
pretty maid?"



"My father's a
farmer, sir,"
she said.

"What is your fortune, my
pretty maid?"



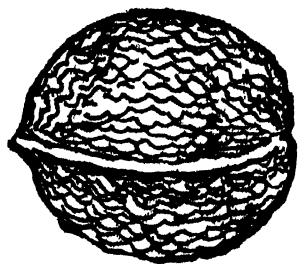
"My face is
my fortune,
sir," she said.



"Then I can't marry you,
my pretty maid!"

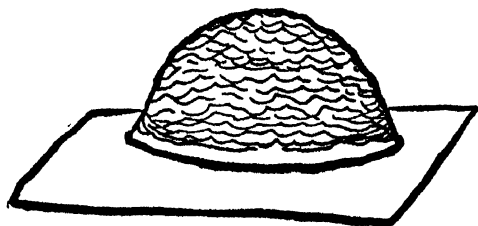
"- Nobody asked you, sir,"
she said.

A TOY TORTOISE

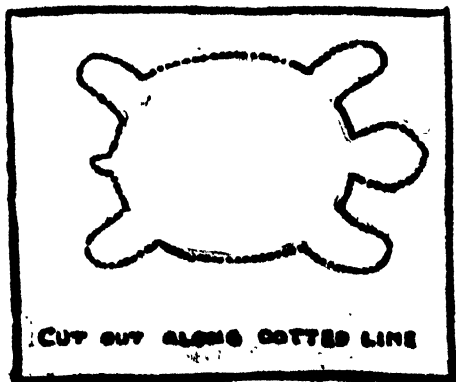


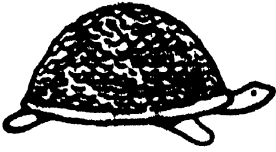
Here is the way to make a tiny toy tortoise for Baby.

Procure the half shell of a large walnut and lay it on a piece of cardboard, drawing a line with your pencil round the edge of the walnut shell.



Now remove the shell, and add with your pencil a head, tail, and four legs to the outline of the tortoise. Paint these to match the walnut shell, and then seccotine the flat rim of the shell on to the cardboard shape.





Leave to dry and harden. Then bend the cardboard head slightly upwards, and the legs downwards.

Now your tortoise is finished !

A whole family of little tortoises can be made in this way, and Baby will be sure to like them—especially if you have a **real** tortoise in the garden.



FAIRY TEA-CUPS

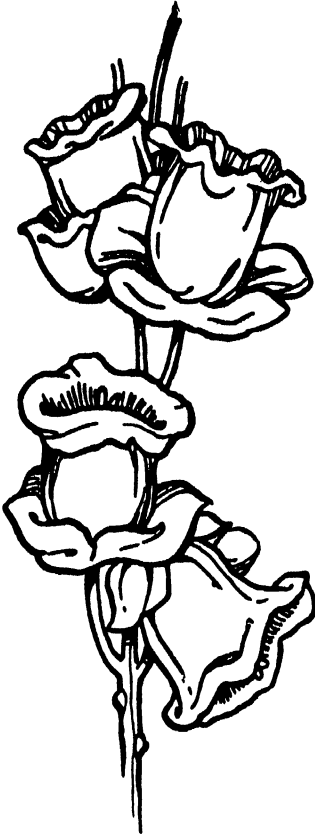
Baby Bunting was strolling down the garden path where the Canterbury bells grew. They were white ones—the kind that look like dear little cups inside wee saucers. Baby Bunting loved them.



But this afternoon Baby Bunting suddenly stood still and gave a little whistle of surprise.

The plants looked different ! Lots of the dear little flowers were gone, and only the stalks remained.

“Oh-h-h !” said Baby Bunting.



“Somebody’s been pulling off our tea-cup flowers—I—”

Hark! Surely that was the sound of voices?

Baby Bunting peered behind a clump of tall flowers which grew near. Beyond them was a little square patch of grass, and—right in the middle of the grass—what **do** you think was going on?

A fairy tea-party!

There could be no doubt about it!

In the middle of the group sat the Fairy Queen,





with a little gold crown on her head, and all round her were gathered her ladies - in - waiting, while busy little elves ran to and fro, carrying plates made of rose petals, on which rested the most delicious little cakes you ever saw. Piles of sugared violets and cherries were arranged on leafy dishes, and as the fairies helped themselves to the good things they talked and laughed merrily.

But what surprised Baby Bunting most of all was to see their tea-cups. They were the little white Canterbury bell flowers that were missing from the plants. Now these flowers





were standing in a row on the grass, and a busy elfin butler was filling them to the brim with honey dew.

“Well!” gasped Baby Bunting, staring in surprise, “I **didn’t** think fairies would do such a thing! To take our flowers and—”

But at the first sound of a human voice the fairies scattered right and left. Off went the elves with the plates and dishes, the ladies-in-waiting gathered up the Fairy Queen’s train, and before Baby Bunting could reach the spot every one of them had disappeared. Only the Canterbury bell flowers remained!



"THE LADIES-IN-WAITING GATHERED UP THE FAIRY
QUEEN'S TRAIN."

“I’m sorry I frightened them so,” said Baby Bunting, gathering up the little white flowers, “but I **do** think the fairies ought to have asked if they might use our tea-cups !”

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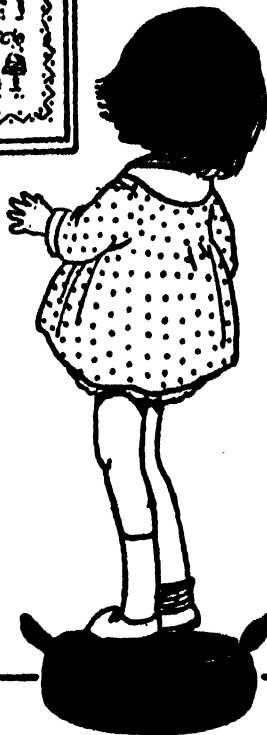
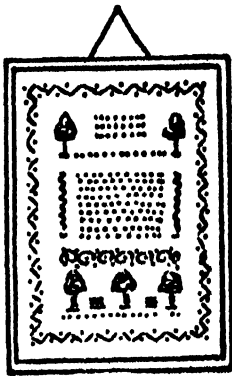
In a few days
a lot more flowers
had come out on
the Canterbury



bell plants, and they looked as pretty as ever. But the fairies never took any more of them to use as tea-cups. I expect they were ashamed to, don't you?

THE SAMPLER.

Great Grandmamma's sampler is ever
so old,
And it hangs on the dining-room wall ;
And among the big pictures it looks
rather sad,
—Rather faded, and yellow, and small.



But I love that old
sampler Great
Grandmamma did.
I love it the best of
them all.

Great Grand-
mamma worked it
when she was a
child,
Just a tiny girl
smaller than me,



H.B.C.
March
1880

THE SAMPLER.

Yet the letters and patterns are beautif'ly
done,

And the stitches are ever so wee
—And I think I can see her, those long
years ago,

With her 'broidery frame on her knee.
I think I can see her, so earnest and
still,

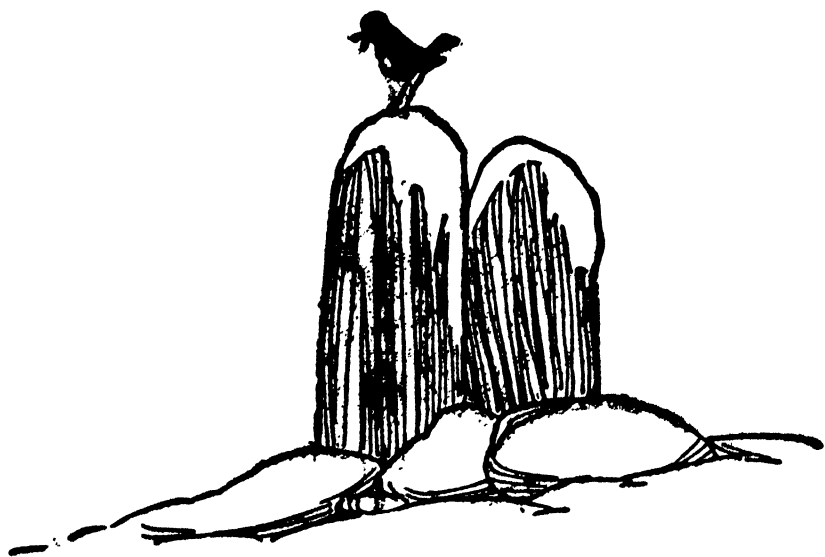
So little and prim and
sedate,

With her plump fingers
flying now
in and now
out,—

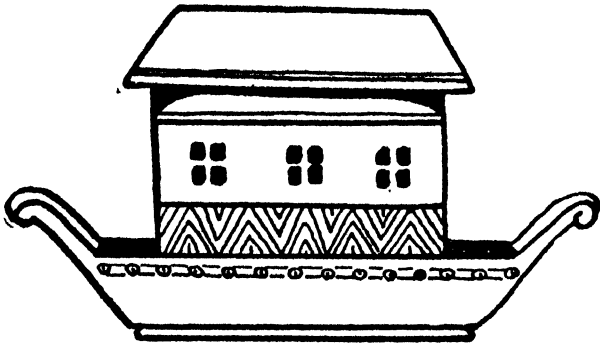
(She finish-
ed it when
she was
eight)



—And her head on one side as she
 pauses to see
 If her stitches are really quite straight.
 Great Grandmamma's sampler is ever
 so old,
 And it hangs on the dining-room wall ;
 And among the big pictures it looks
 rather sad,
 —Rather faded, and yellow, and small.
 But I love that old sampler, Great
 Grandmamma did.
 I love it the best of them all !



THE NOAH'S ARK

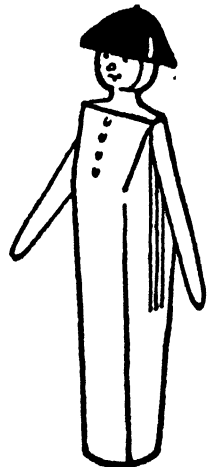


It was night-time in the nursery—which means, of course, that it was the time when toys walk and talk—when you and I are fast asleep.

But the toys in **this** nursery had become very lazy indeed, and quarrelsome, too, so that the nights were just filled up with squabbles, and the toys did nothing useful at all.

It **was** a sad state of affairs.

So Mr. Noah was thinking as he stepped out of his brightly-painted Ark, and looked round





at the other toys. The Noah's Ark was new in the nursery, and this was Mr. Noah's first night there.

In front of him was a large dolls' house, but the three Dutch

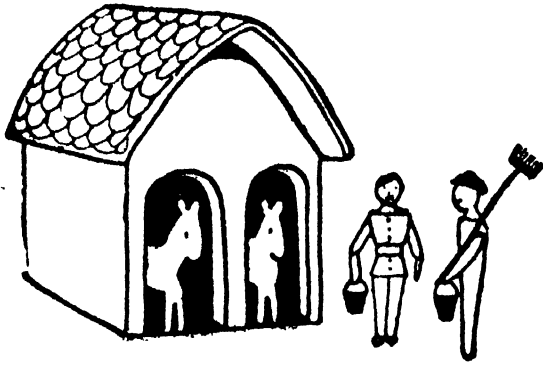
dolls who lived there were outside gossiping with a tin soldier and not attempting to tidy up their house, which looked as if it had not been cleaned for weeks. Near-by stood a stable, in which were some horses, but the little wooden stableman who was supposed to



look after them was watching a stand-up fight between Teddy-bear and Golly. Two dolls were also standing looking on—Miranda and Gwendoline—they really ought to have been at home mending



their frocks, which weren't fit to be seen. Mr. Noah sighed: it was all rather sad. "Still, I needn't be lazy because others are," he said to himself, and he set to work to bring out his animals and



feed them. Then he cleaned the Ark well, inside and out, and soon had it looking as

neat as a new pin.

By-and-by, two of the Dutch dolls from the dolls' house strolled past.

"How bright the Ark looks," said one.

"I'll come along and help you with **your** house, if you like," said Mr. Noah kindly, and soon the house was looking ever so much better.

"Now," said Mr. Noah to the stableman, "what about your horses? They need a bit of grooming, don't they?"

The little wooden stableman looked rather ashamed, but set to and helped, and soon stable and horses were finished.

Mr. Noah's example and good temper were so "catching," that the toys left off quarrelling and really began to take an interest once more in their work.

And **now**—well—you really wouldn't believe it was the same nursery!

"If it hadn't been for Mr. Noah," said Miranda, as she and Gwendoline sat sewing in the toy cupboard, "we should have gone on quarrelling and being lazy for ever, I suppose."

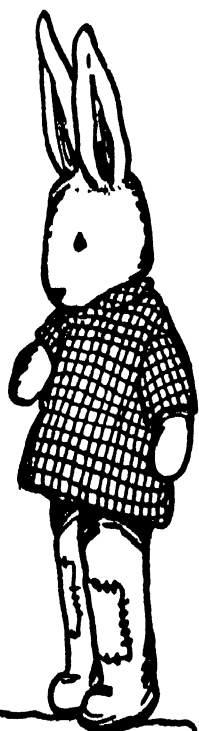
"Yes," sighed Gwendoline, "and instead we're all just as happy as **can** be."

"Three cheers for Mr. Noah!" called out Teddy-bear.



BABY BUNTING'S "FAM'LY"

When Baby Bunting goes to bed,
The "Fam'ly" must go too,
And when you call to say "Good-night,"
They all get shown to you.



Peter.

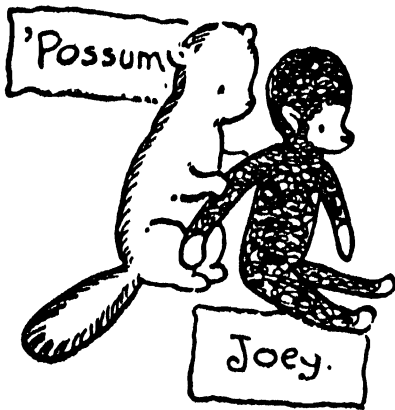
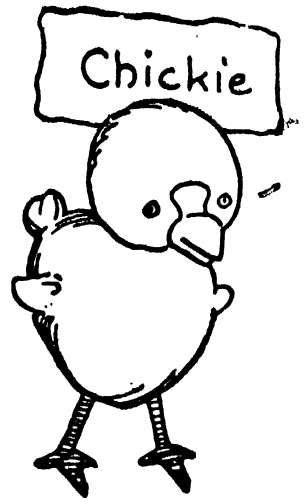
They're made of plush and
furry cloth,
And mostly stuffed with bran.
And Peter is the best beloved
He **is** a dear wee man.
(He's really Peter Rabbit,
though,
With tiny shirt of blue,
And Mummy's had to patch
him where
His knees were coming through.)

Then next him is a "Chickie" queer,
With beak and eyes so green,

The very strangest chicken
that

I think I've ever seen.
Joey and 'Possum next to
him,

And then a dear grey
Bunny.



(Young Joey is a
monkey small,
And 'Possum's
very funny)

His nose is snub, his
tail is fat,

And—well—I must confess,
That just **what** little 'Possum is
No one can ever guess!

And next comes cuddly
Teddy bear,



And then no less than five
Dear doggies in a little row,
All looking quite alive!

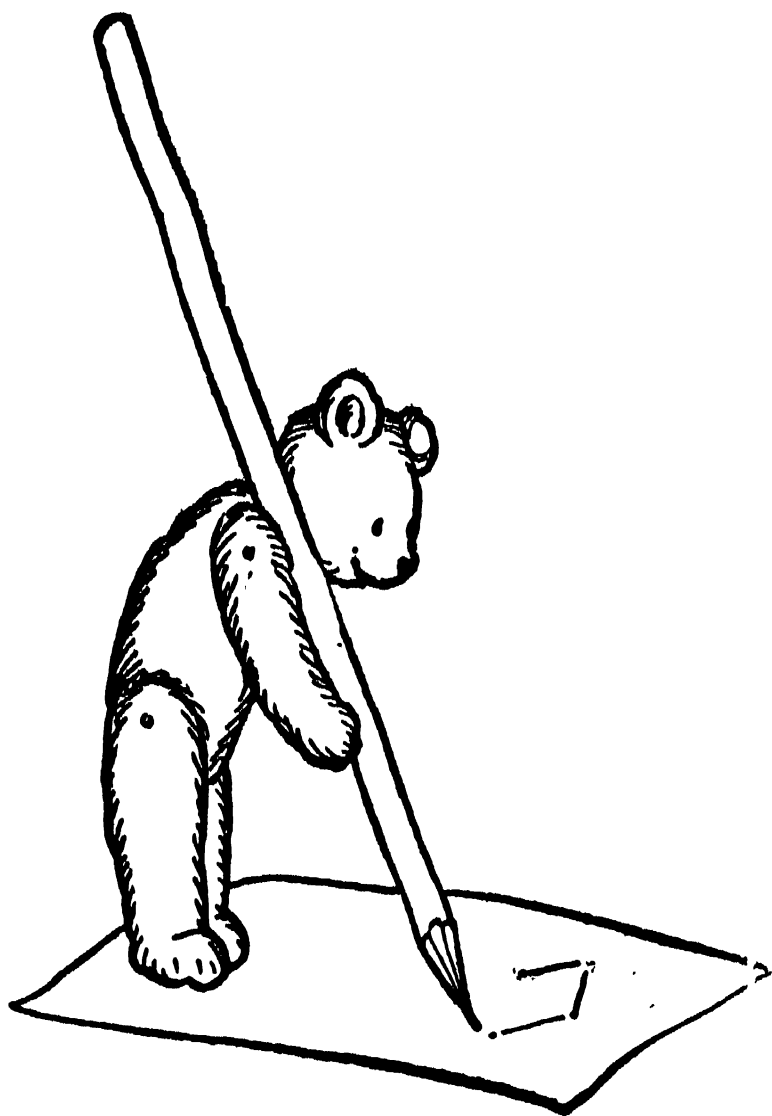
“Here’s Bobby, Sandy,
Paddy, Pip,”



Will Baby Bunting say,
And Timothy—who’s like the dog
That b’longs to Auntie May.”

So then you kiss them, one and all,
And Baby says, “That’s right.”
And when you’ve tucked the blankets in
You wish them all “Good-night.”





Now shall we have another game ?
We'll turn this page and do the same
As once before. Just draw a line
From 1 right on to 29—

And then you'll find you've drawn a
 toy
 Which on a windy day gives joy.

3.

2

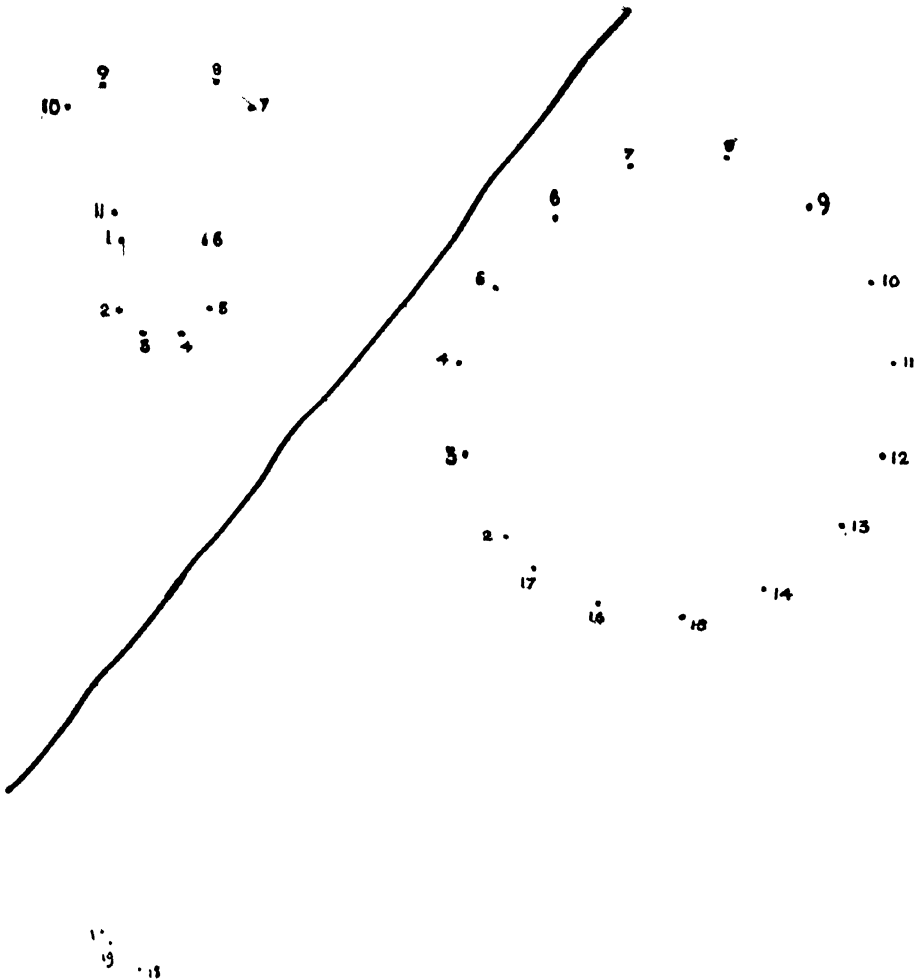
4.

22, 21, 14, 7, 6, 1, 23, 20, 15, 19, 16, 13, 8, 6, 9, 24, 26, 12, 25, 27, 18, 17, 10, 28, 29

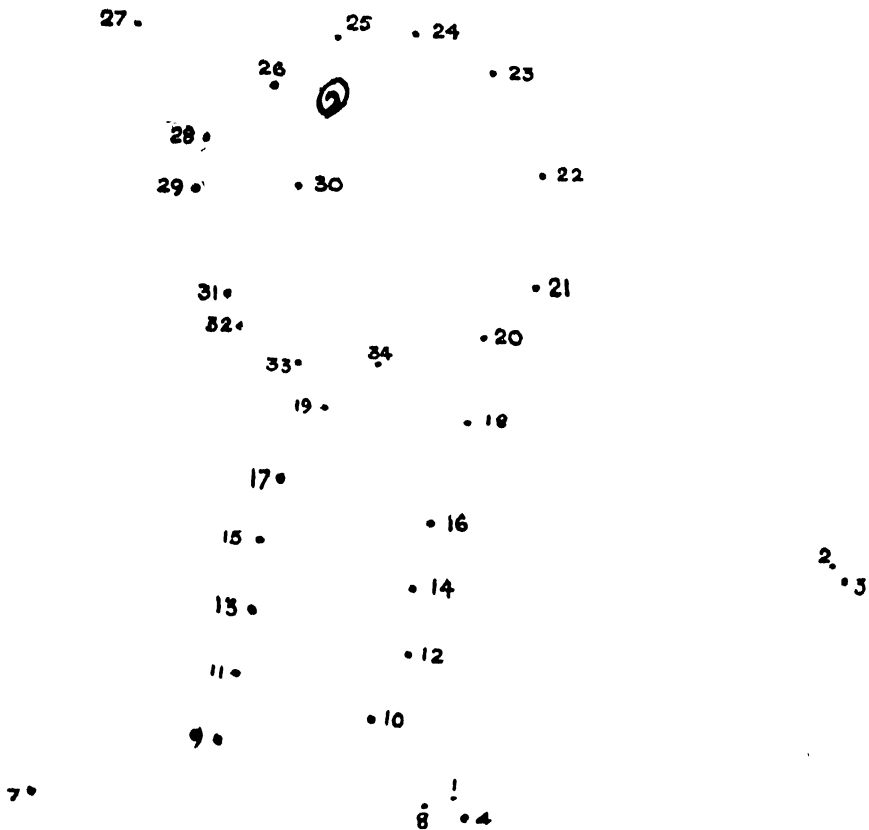
F.S.B

D

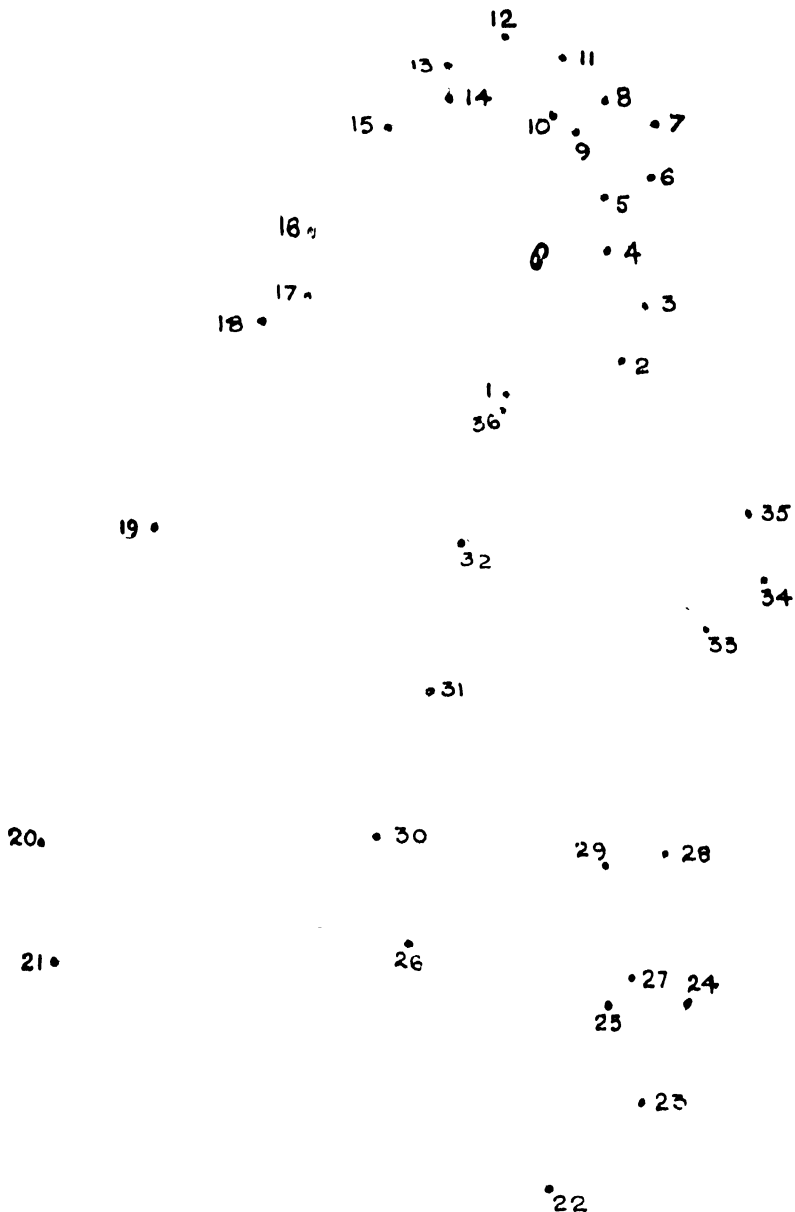
And here you have another one
Which often gives us lots of fun.



And now we'll draw a funny sight,
Which sometimes makes us jump with
fright !



Below you'll find a dear old friend
 With whom you play for hours on end.



And on this page, we've both agreed,
To draw a very fiery steed.



I simply love my
castle,

I think that
you would too,
If only I could show you

As I'd simply love to do.

But, sad to say, I cannot—

You'll never meet me
there—








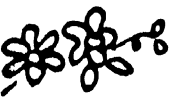






.


Because, you see, my
castle



Is a castle in the
air!



VAIN VIOLET !

Once there was a  named
 She had blue *iiiiiii*, and
golden , and  fear she
was very vain. *I* day, when her
 er was out,  put on her
best , which had 
and  in it, and her velvet
 and silk  and white 
and went off down the road.
"the children who *C* me will
NV me," she said 
her  But soon it *B*gan
2 rain, and  had no 


C back a + the 



 led to her  she

s  ped  -h Fell
in 2 the  !   !

she was so wet, - and C
ED


with dirt from  2 

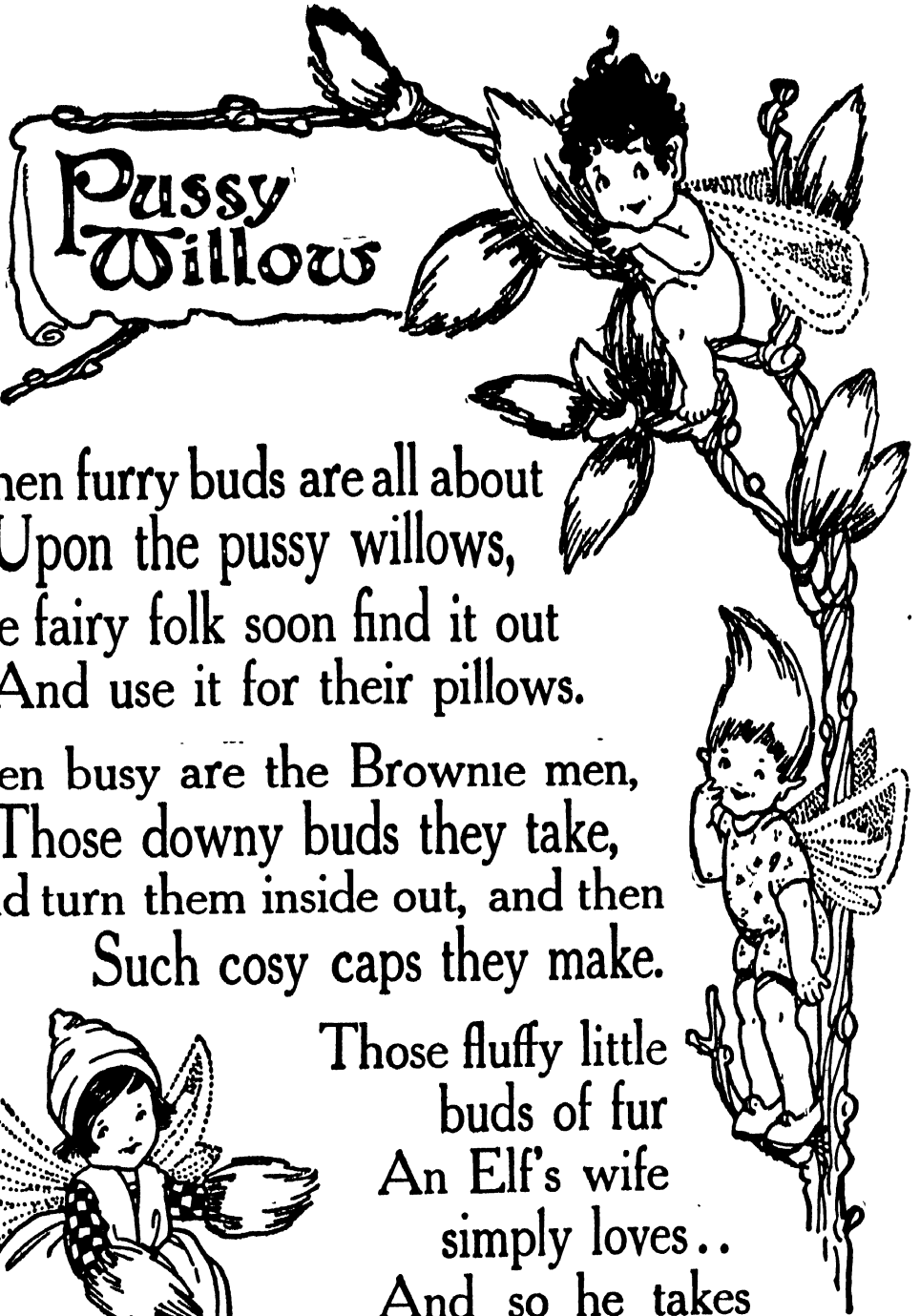
"Ha-ha!" laughed the 
who saw it happen. "It will

 a lesson to her  rity."

And it was!  is  nearly

So  now,  am

9  2 say



Pussy Willow

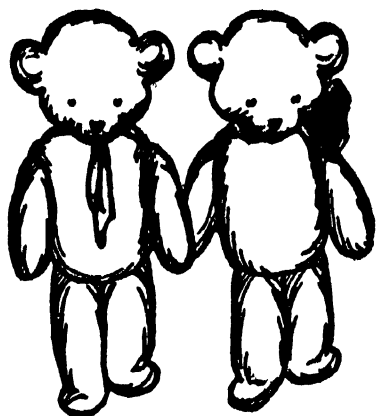
When furry buds are all about
Upon the pussy willows,
The fairy folk soon find it out
And use it for their pillows.

Then busy are the Brownie men,
Those downy buds they take,
And turn them inside out, and then
Such cosy caps they make.

Those fluffy little
buds of fur
An Elf's wife
simply loves..
And so he takes
them home to her
To make their winter
gloves.



TIMSY AND TOMSY



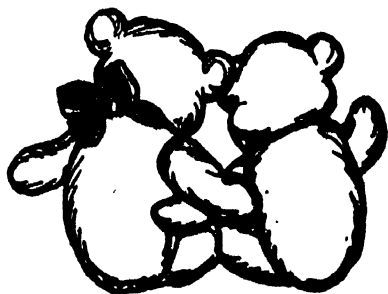
Timsy and Tomsy were two little teddy-bears. They lived in Jack's nursery, and Jack was very fond of them, and they were very fond of each other.

But although they loved each other dearly, they sometimes squabbled, and then of course they were sad until they had made it up again.

One morning they squabbled **dreadfully**.

It happened like this.

Jack, when he came down in the morning,

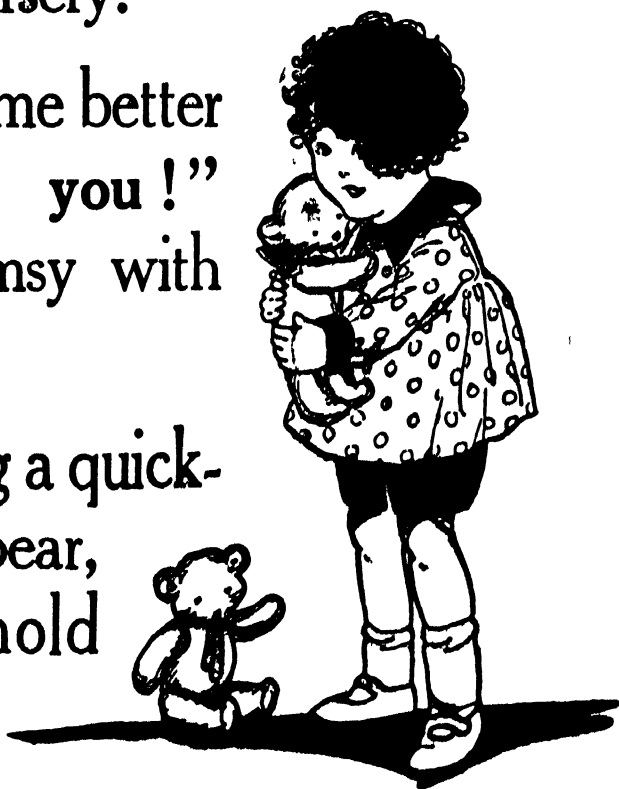


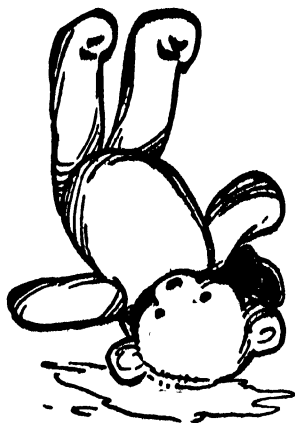
had picked Tomsy up and kissed him, and then he had taken him out in the garden before breakfast. But Timsy was left alone on the nursery hearthrug.

I don't suppose Timsy would have minded so much, only Tomsy unfortunately gave himself airs when he got back to the nursery.

“Jack likes me better than he does you!” he said to Timsy with a little giggle.

Timsy, being a quick-tempered little bear, had caught hold of Tomsy and shaken him so





severely that a lot of bran had fallen out through a hole in the back of Tomsy's head. It made Tomsy feel quite queer for a moment.

Then he got up and kicked Timsy very slowly and carefully in the tummy. After that, of course, they didn't speak to each other. Not for days and days.

And then, one night, Tiddles, the cat, came up to Timsy as he was sitting on the nursery hearthrug and said:

"Tomsy won't be here much longer."

"Why not?" asked Timsy.

"He's tumbled into a jar of treacle," said Tiddles. "Greedy



little thing! When Cook finds him she'll put him in the dustbin. Serve him right, too!"

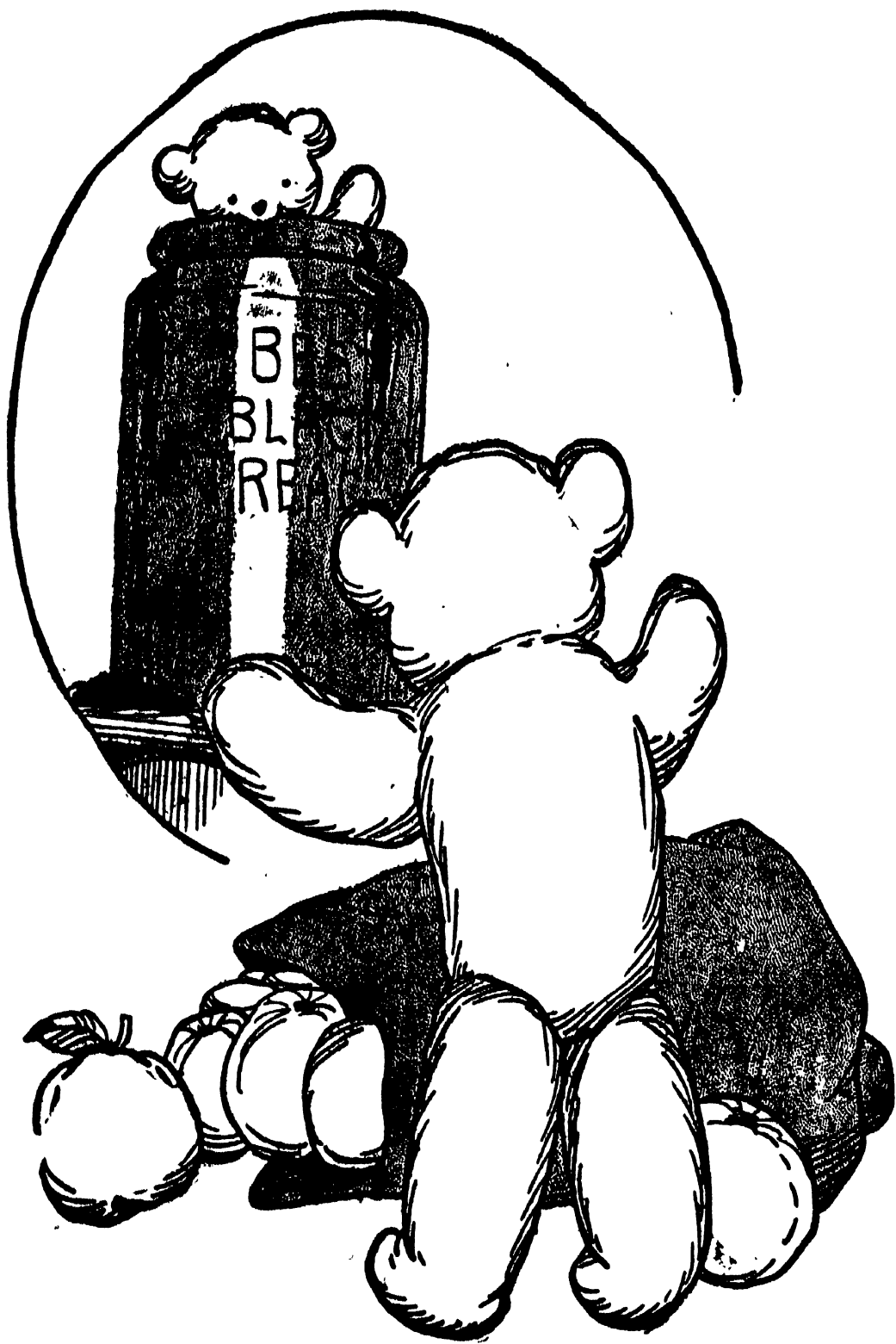
"Serve him right," echoed Timsy.

But when Tiddles had gone he crept along to the pantry and climbed up on to the shelf. There stood the jar of treacle, with greedy Tomsy's head just showing above the top.

"Go away!" cried Tomsy feebly.

But Timsy caught hold of him by the ears and with a terrific pull hauled him out of the jar. Tomsy







was covered with it
from head to foot.

"You'd better lick
bits off yourself that you
can reach," said Timsy,
"and I'll lick the rest."

They worked in silence
for ten minutes, and
then Timsy looked as clean as a new pin.

"That was good!" said Timsy,
licking his lips.

"That was good," said Tomsy
licking his.

Then the two little bears looked at
each other.

"Let's make it up,"
whispered Timsy to Tomsy.

And they did.



